

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 26, 1958

Survival Beyond the Earth
THE SPACE MEDICS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



FRANCE'S DE GAULLE

Arnold Newman

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VOL. LXXI NO. 21



IT'S FUN TO 'PHONE!

Turn a few minutes into fun by calling a friend or loved one. Whether it's down the street, or across the country, a sunny get-together makes the day a lot brighter. Lonely feelings are laughed away by a cheerful visit by telephone.

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MEN SAY TRIG®



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- Trig isn't messy like a cream! Trig doesn't trickle like a spray! And Trig is not a crumbly stick!
- Trig is for the 6 men out of 10 who now use a deodorant—and for the 4 out of 10 who've been holding out for a man's way to check perspiration odor!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

YOU'VE RENTED HERTZ CARS FOR YEARS —

Now Hertz



Now *anyone* can enjoy the convenience of a private plane. You don't have to be a pilot (or a millionaire) to fly *when* and *where* you want—for a day, a week, a month! You can fly via commercial airline to the major city nearest your destination—save hours by flying the rest of the way in a Hertz Rent A Plane. This check list shows you how easy and economical it is to use Hertz Rent A Plane Service.



Planes shown above: Twin-engine Cessna 310B and single-engine Cessna 172

rents planes!

(WITH OR WITHOUT PILOT)

Q. How do I rent a plane from Hertz?

A. Call any of the Hertz Rent A Car or Hertz Rent A Plane offices listed in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere.

Q. In how many cities is Hertz Rent A Plane service available?

A. Presently in over 56 cities across the United States. Service is being expanded. (Franchises are available to reliable established operators in selected major cities.)



Q. How can I be sure of getting a Hertz Rent A Plane when and where I want it?

A. Your local Hertz office has up-to-the-minute listings of Hertz Rent A Plane services. Your call will assure a reservation.

Q. Do I have to be a pilot to rent a plane from Hertz?

A. No. Hertz can provide the services of an experienced pilot on its "Taxiplane" Plan.

Q. I am a pilot. What do I do?

A. On "Fly-Yourself" service, there is a check-out procedure. Apply to any Hertz Rent A Plane office or Hertz headquarters for added details.

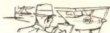
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Q. How much does it cost to rent a plane from Hertz?

A. If you are a pilot, the rental rate is as little as \$1.50 an hour plus 13¢ a mile. If you require a pilot, rate is as little as \$2.50 an hour plus 18¢ a mile, plus tax.

Q. Are there lower rates by the day or week?

A. Yes. In addition to a basic hourly rate—there are reduced rates for daily and weekly rentals.



Q. What is done to assure that planes rented from Hertz are in first class mechanical condition?

A. Hertz planes are current models. They are regularly inspected and maintained to rigid government specifications as set by the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

Q. Do insurance companies make any distinction in personal life insurance policies between the safety of commercial airline travel as compared to the safety of air-charter service?

A. No. A survey of leading insurance companies in-

dicates that air travel has established such a good safety record that there are no special policy or premium limitations applicable for either commercial or charter air travel with a CAA certificated operator.

Q. About how much will it cost four of us to fly a 250 mile round-trip (500 miles total) in one day? I am a pilot.

A. In a Cessna 172 a typical daily rate is \$18.00 plus 13¢ a mile. Total: about \$83.00 or \$20.75 apiece.

Q. How much will it cost for three of us to fly a 250 mile round-trip (500 mile total)? We will need a pilot.

A. In a Cessna 172 a typical daily rate with pilot is \$30.00, plus 18¢ a mile, plus tax. Total: about \$132.00 or \$44.00 apiece.



Q. Are planes rented from Hertz fully equipped?

A. Yes! All planes have far more navigational and safety equipment than is required for cross country flying. All are equipped for takeoff and landing at any airport in the United States.

Q. What kind of planes does Hertz provide?

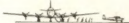
A. Only the finest, new single and twin-engine aircraft, such as Cessna 172's, 175's, 182's, and 310B's are provided by Hertz.

Q. How many passengers can a Hertz Rent A Plane accommodate?

A. Cessna 172, 175, 182 and similar single-engine aircraft—three passengers plus pilot. Cessna 310B and other twin-engine aircraft—four passengers plus pilot.

Q. What are the cruising speeds of Hertz Rent A Planes?

A. Cruising speeds vary by aircraft type and model, ranging from 110 to 190 miles per hour for single-engine planes, up to 235 miles per hour for twin-engine planes.



Q. How can Hertz Rent A Plane service save me time on a long trip?

A. Fly via commercial airline to the major city nearest your destination—save hours by flying the rest of the way in a Hertz Rent A Plane.

Q. Can I arrange to have a Rent A Plane meet me in another city?

A. Yes. A call to your local Hertz office will reserve a plane in most any city.

For further information please write Hertz Rent A Plane, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois





men who care



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with Suave for Men—the only hairdressing that can't make hair greasy. It grows more naturally, too... another reason why so many business leaders prefer Suave hairdressing. It's handier to use in the unbreakable squeeze flask. 60¢ and \$1 plus tax.

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LETTERS

Unprized Packaging

Sir:

We predict that that picture of Marilyn Monroe in *TIME*, May 5, will bring the sale of sack dresses to a screeching halt. Hell, that might as well have been Vaughn Monroe.

JACK SHERIDAN
JOHN HOWBERT

Denver

Recessionol

Sir:

How can anyone call this a depression when the consumer is paying inflation prices for inferior goods and services?

MARNIE BRINK

Newark, Del.

Sir:

Why not place the blame where it belongs—upon the shoulders of organized labor?

MRS. ALFRED R. MOSHER

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

Thank heavens we have dedicated men like Harry S. Truman who will lead us into a depression and worldwide ruin for their own political gain.

ROBERT M. SHEERIN

San Antonio

Fins & Finish

Sir:

About "Those '38 Cars" [May 12]: Why don't they just dip the damn things in chrome? Think of all the labor saved.

JOHN S. PARILLI

New York City

Sir:

An ever-increasing number of motorists are becoming thoroughly fed up with the overweighted, undersprung, swerving, swaying, tire-screaming, chrome-splashed, tinklet-laden, gas-eating monsters that Detroit has been forcing upon the American public.

EDWARD FISHER JR.

Groton, Mass.

Sir:

To place too great an importance on the foreign car switch may be a grave error. The one I purchased included extras such as windshield wipers which never worked, directional signals which didn't direct and foot pedals which were no larger than a Grade A egg. I now drive a finned Plymouth.

JIM DiMICELI

New York City

U.R.S.S.

Sir:

I am perplexed by "U.R.S.S." over the entrance to the Soviet pavilion at the Brussels Fair [see cut]. Should this not be "U.S.S.R."?

CHARLES R. McKEEN

Clinton, N.Y.

Sir:

Do the letters stand for United Rubber Stamp Society?

MRS. JOHN WINCHESTER

Walnut Creek, Calif.

¶ They stand for *Union des Républicains Socialistes Soviétiques*.—ED.



She Was Framed

Sir:

Is that thing in your May 5 Art section Adele Astaire in 1926? Bosh! Oskar Koschka must have seen his sister through his own tortured "inner life."

J. M. PLUMMER

Wayne, Pa.

Sir:

With your permission, I'd like to give my opinion of the Kokoschka picture of my sister. I think it's a hideous mess. As great an artist as this man may be today, he certainly goofed in 1926. My sister is a very pretty girl.

FRED ASTAIRE

Beverly Hills

The Vice President

Sir:

TIME [May 5] did one of its finest jobs in clarity in exposing a cross section of Vice President Nixon's courageous, non-political

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Man most likely to succeed... *in getting over a stomach ulcer*

"Yes," said the doctor, "you have a stomach ulcer. If you want to get over it, you must slow down and quit worrying."

"Sounds easy, but how do I do it?" the patient asked.

"You've got to work at it. You can't change overnight. About your worries—talk them over with someone you trust. When problems seem insurmountable, leave them awhile—spend a few hours with a book or putter around your garden.

"Tackle your big problems one at a time and your work load will seem lighter. Let some things wait until tomorrow.

"After some rest and a good night's sleep, the chances are you will view your troubles next day more calmly and clearly."

And so this man... convinced that tension and strain are his worst enemies... is well on the way to getting over his ulcer.

It is estimated that about one-half million Americans have ulcers. Moreover, ulcers take the lives of nearly 10,000 Americans every year.

Many factors contribute to ulcers—too much heavy, rich, spicy food, irregular meals and sleep. But emotional stress seems to be the chief culprit.

When an ulcer is discovered early and treated promptly, however, most patients can relieve their symptoms by diet, acid-neutralizing medicines, and mental or emotional discipline.

Although relief of symptoms is usually

easy to achieve, ulcers tend to recur and patients who have had an ulcer should have periodic medical supervision.

If unchecked, an ulcer may undermine general health by upsetting digestive processes... or it may penetrate the wall of the affected organ and require immediate surgery.

Fortunately, operations for these complications are successful in most of the cases.

Should an ulcer occur, recovery depends largely on the patient himself. If he follows his doctor's advice about diet, medication and a normal daily routine, he stands an excellent chance of overcoming his ulcer and living his normal life.

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selling
imported
sherry



DUFF GORDON

talk before the A.N.P.A. Every day, Nixon grows in stature as a great American statesman with the courage of his convictions while so many of his opponents spar in the political ring for punches designed to slam through the front pages. He must be doing all right for himself, because the shadows in the dark, slimy political alleys continue to try to smear him with the worn-out, age-old charges never proved, but kept alive by the followers of Hiss, Truman, Rayburn and others who have dedicated themselves to the vilification of this man of destiny.

NATHAN E. JACOBS

Chicago

Sir:

Nixon is not going to be our next President. A Democrat will be in the White House come 1960.

JOHN G. SAVAGE

Bellwood, Ill.

Verdicts

Sir:

I should like to congratulate TIME [May 5] for its incisive commentary on the return of modern jurisprudence from unguided pragmatism to first principles. If the ideal function of a news magazine is to chart the pulse of a changing society, TIME has fulfilled its purpose admirably.

JOSEPH M. McLAUGHLIN
Editor in Chief

Fordham Law Review
Fordham University
New York City

Sir:

It is wonderful that TIME is really inviting European and Latin American leaders and intellectuals to have a better understanding of the U.S.

RUI OCTAVIO DOMINGUES

Rio de Janeiro

Sir:

Regarding your "Law Day" article: I hope that by such a celebration, perhaps some of the principles of law and justice may be re-introduced to that mass of human leeches masquerading as lawyers who feed upon the common man by twisting, distorting, thwarting and negating the law.

F. L. MARTIN

Alexandria, Va.

Do Clothes Make the Boy?

Sir:

Re juvenile delinquency: In my youth, boys were required to wear short pants. When we reached our teens, we were allowed knickers, and in mid-teens we made the manly fashion world of long pants. Who ever heard of a gang leader or murderer wearing short pants or knickers?

M. LESLIE STIFEL

Atlantic City, N.J.

Encore

Sir:

Many people were impressed with your pernicious and less than one-dimensional account [May 5] of my rich and overflowing psyche, which is at the disposal of friends and strangers. Unfortunately, strangers are more attracted to me than my friends, for some unaccountable reason.

My alleged addiction to what you so euphemistically call the bottle is a classic in hyperbole. It is true, however, that I have incessantly forayed into the realm of escape. There are times when I awake and discover it is still I—which is as horrible and macabre a reality as anyone has ever had to endure.

Factually, I was ordered to drink by my doctor after my heart attack in 1952, and

THEY SAID IT



"Couldn't be done, couldn't be done." That's what they said about flying. But at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903, one of the Wright brothers stayed aloft in this plane for 59 seconds. And the air age had begun.



COULDN'T BE DONE *BUT HERE IT IS!*

PUFF BY PUFF
TODAY'S L&M
GIVES YOU

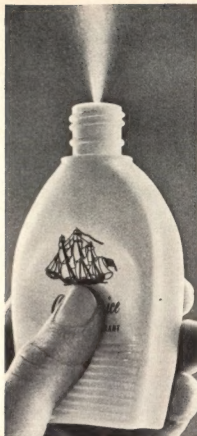
Less tars & More taste

They said it couldn't be done... a cigarette with such an improved filter... with such *exciting* taste. But L&M did it! L&M's patented filtering process electrostatically places extra filtering fibers crosswise to the stream of smoke... enabling today's L&M to give you — *puff by puff* — less tars in the smoke than ever before. Yet L&M draws easy... delivering you the clean rich taste of the Southland's finest cigarette tobaccos. The best tasting smoke you'll ever find!

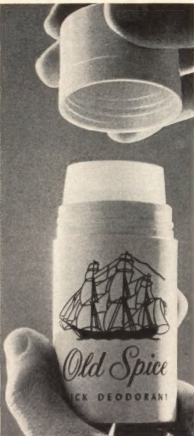


Less tars...and
More taste!

Live Modern... change to modern L&M



OLD SPICE SPRAY DEODORANT



OLD SPICE STICK DEODORANT
NOW IN PLASTIC!

Men! The two fastest deodorants in the world!

**The speediest spray—the quickest stick—
for safe, positive, all-day protection!**

Old Spice Spray Deodorant applies and dries fast! Bellows-action plastic gives dripless spray that spreads on skin more rapidly. A fine anti-perspirant, too; non-irritating, non-sticky, non-staining! 1.00 plus tax.

Old Spice Stick Deodorant is built for speed in new, unbreakable plastic case! No pushing, no pulling. No foil, no fuss. Remove the cap and it's ready! Applies and dries faster than any roll-on, cream, ordinary stick! 1.00 plus tax.

CHOOSE STICK OR SPRAY, BUT BE SURE YOU CHOOSE REAL SOCIAL SECURITY WITH...

Old Spice by SHULTON

I did drink, but I discovered alcohol is the duller form of escape I've ever experienced in my rigid adventures. During this otiose period I was continually accompanied by a large bottle of Scotch for which I had (and have) the utmost contempt. So with great character I exorcised this minor unsatisfactory pleasure abruptly and have not drunk since 1954. I still carry a big bottle around with me, but I don't drink.

OSCAR LEVANT

Beverly Hills

Up in the Stream

Sir:

Re "Rescue by Radiation" [April 28]: Our body defenses against infection would be sad indeed if we had only "5,000 white cells per cubic centimeter." Let us give our bodies a fighting chance with 5,000-10,000 leukocytes per cubic millimeter of whole blood.

M. ANMUTH

Philadelphia

☞ TIME hastens to reassure readers that they normally have 5,000-10,000 white corpuscles per cubic millimeter working for them.—Ed.

The Artful Dodger

Sir:

Your story of how that city slicker (meaning Walter O'Malley) "took" the country bumpkins (meaning our Dodger contract signers) makes all other such stories fade into insignificance. We are opposed to subsidizing big business, which organized baseball definitely is, and we hope those of our citizens—for and against the Dodger contract—can get together and draw up a new one. One that will allow us to have this team, but will give this city a fair share.

B. R. HICKEY

Los Angeles

WW v. JP

Sir:

Re your May 5 "Titans of Babel": Thank gawd, someone—mainly Elsa Maxwell and Jack Paar—had the nerve (I'd rather say "guts") to bring that poor-white-trash Walter Winchell down a peg.

R. R. DODGE

Buckroe Beach, Va.

SIR:

THANKS FOR RUNNING THE PICTURE SHOWING THAT I HAVE VOTED FOLLOWING THE CLAIM BY THOSE PARASITES THAT I HAVE NEVER.

WW

NEW YORK CITY

Goodness, Good Guinness

Sir:

A wonderfully sensitive and understanding article on Alice Guinness. You have some gifted writers on your staff.

J. A. HENDERSON

Cowan, Tenn.

Sir:

My goodness, your Guinness is good!

W. L. ALSTON

St. Thomas, B.W.I.

Slow Reactors

Sir:

After reading the list of clergymen and educators who signed a protest against the U.S. nuclear tests, I wondered what they were doing when the U.S.S.R. was making tests last winter.

H. J. LECLERC

Manchester, N.H.



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...enjoy all the fun of Hawaii, there and back, via Matson. Every week the LURLINE or MATSONIA sails its gay, informal way between California and the Islands. The ships are completely air-conditioned and beautifully decorated... all one class—First Class. The passengers are relaxed in their happy world of play, famous food and super-

service. Fares start at \$145 one way, include transportation, accommodations, meals and a complete and varied entertainment program. See your Travel Agent today. Plan to return the Matson way, too. Reduced round-trip fares (from \$260) save money... and your vacation fun is stretched all the way back to California.

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Korean conflict fame to the Lockheed F-104, world's fastest, highest-climbing production jet fighter, now in service with the USAF's Air Defense Command.

Today, as Lockheed leads America into the Jet

Age with a trio of jet-powered transports, Lockheed scientists and engineers are doing advanced research and development work to maintain Lockheed's and our nation's leadership in every phase of flight in the critical years ahead.





Top: JETSTAR, Center: ELECTRA, Bottom: HERCULES

Lockheed is the only aircraft manufacturer with THREE jet-powered transports in the skies: the new JETSTAR, a ten-passenger turbojet utility transport; the new ELECTRA, America's first prop-jet luxury airliner; and the mighty HERCULES, versatile prop-jet cargo carrier.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



"My car was badly damaged ...my wife painfully hurt"

Policyholder tells how Liberty gave quick help

"At 4:50 P.M. on Tuesday my wife and I were involved in a serious collision in a tiny town about 45 miles north of New Orleans.

"At 5:15 P.M. I phoned your New Orleans office. I happened to catch your claimsman just as he was leaving for home. He told me to stay right where we were, that he would be right out.

"He arrived at the scene at about 6:40 P.M. . . . before the State Trooper had completed his investigation.

"Later he transferred our things to his car and drove us to New Orleans. He phoned a doctor, drove us to the hospital, waited until my wife was examined and admitted. He then drove me back to my motel. When he left me, it was nearly midnight.

"Today is Friday, 3 days after. My case is 99% cleared up."

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and he walks 54 miles a year to and from the water cooler



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And more than that, this book illustrates the new Oasis with its super efficient Pre-Cooler and Capacity Booster which actually doubles the amount of available cold water at no increase in cost.

But, get all the facts—get your copy of this new book. Mail the coupon, now.



Pressure model with refrigerated compartment. 14 other pressure and bottle type models. Cabinet color-toned in Desert Dawn.

OASIS **WATER COOLERS**

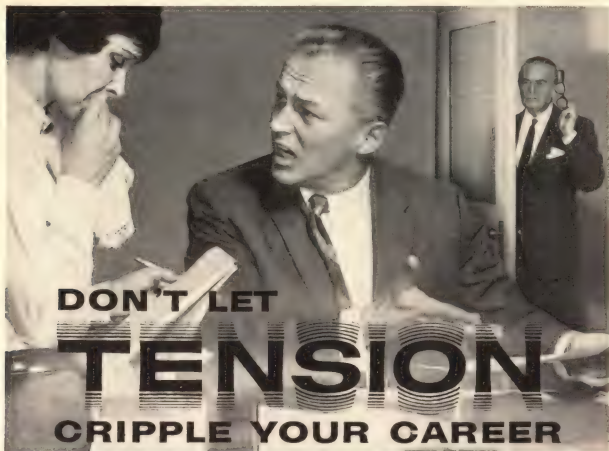


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that helps you unwind overnight!**

Earnest? Hard working? Determined to succeed?

Then you can't duck the job's TENSIONS, building up every hour.

But beware! Those mounting tensions can cause explosions—can ruin your prospects, your health—unless you unwind at night.

If you can't unwind—if you can't erase the day's ravages with deep, sweet slumber—your mattress may be simply outdated.

For there's a new kind of mattress—AIRFOAM—specifically designed to help

you unwind overnight:

It's a *continuous unit* of specially molded AIRFOAM, firmest where you're heaviest. It cooly, calmly, *gently* adjusts to your every position, every contour—supports tension zones that old-type mattresses miss—helps relax every tense, tired inch of you. No wonder you sleep as you haven't slept in years. No wonder you're up on your toes next morning!

Proof? Ask about 30-NIGHT FREE TRIAL at stores featuring ENGLANDER bedding. How can you lose? Goodyear, Foam Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.



The Sleep that's 3-Layers Deep—gentle AIRFOAM (1) is next to you. Below it, in the ENGLANDER Red-Line Foundation, are two levels of coils—resilient level (2) and firm level (3)—to give you extra levels of relaxation.

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RED-LINE FOUNDATION

GOODYEAR

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Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio
Red-Line—T.M. The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



TIME COVER, AUG. 4, 1941

WHEN crises come in clusters, is it all coincidence? Suez and Hungary occurred in the same week, and last week was another time of reverberating violence—in Algiers, Paris, Caracas, Beirut. Mohs stoned the Vice President of the U.S. on one continent, burned U.S. Information Agency libraries on two others. Some of the events were clearly foreseeable: others could be seized upon. Some could be planned: a new Sputnik went up in Russia in time to impress a visiting Nasser. In Algiers ambitious men leaped to a balcony to power events, and in France General Charles de Gaulle, who last controlled events to restore the French Republic after World War II, dramatically announced that he was ready to return to save it from civil war.

De Gaulle first appeared on TIME's cover in 1941, when he alone spoke for a defeated but unyielding France. He appeared on two more TIME covers before retiring to private life. "Without one being able to say what factor or what event will provoke the necessary change in the regime," he said in 1955, "one can only say that it will come."

As the Fourth Republic flounders from crisis to crisis, the De Gaulle alternative is more and more discovered in France. A haughty, stubborn man, sensitive to history, conscious of legality, he was against the domination of a weak Parliament, but he probably did not want to be a dictator. He actually favors a stronger executive somewhat like the U.S. For his present prospects, see FOREIGN NEWS, "I Am Ready."

Farther east on the Mediterranean, the bloody rioting in Lebanon was also not quite what it seemed in the first bulletins—a deliberate attempt of those linked with Cairo or Moscow to take over the prosperous and divided

little republic. For a study in how occasions are seized, see FOREIGN NEWS, **Bloodletting.**

PERHAPS on some desk in the Kremlin a date on a calendar was marked with a note, "Nixon in Peru," and a few days later another: "Nixon in Venezuela." But the explosive receptions that greeted Dick Nixon in those countries on those dates only moved the U.S. to a search for answers. "I was an American," wrote a TIME correspondent in Caracas, "and here before my eyes the Vice President of the U.S. was on the verge of very possibly being beaten to death. How in God's name could something like this be happening?" For some answers, see **THE HEMISPHERE. Why It Happened.**

THE week's upheavals abroad jarred Lieut. Colonel David Simons of the U.S. Air Force off this week's TIME cover but produced not a ripple in the intensive, long-range campaign he serves: to solve the problems of man's survival in outer space. Six months ago, TIME tackled the job of picturing the efforts of U.S. space medics in color, found that there was more to picture than had been imagined. Medicine Editor Gilbert Cant went on a flying tour of U.S. Air Force space medicine centers, and for his preview of what man faces when he reaches for the stars, see **MEDICINE, Outward Bound.**

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Week of Challenge

From across the oceans and from space overhead came the clanking sounds of history on the move. To the U.S., it was a week of challenge unmatched since the days of the Korean war. More important, it was a week when the U.S. knew the challenges for what they were and began to frame the proper responses.

The challenge of Nikita Khrushchev's Sputnik III, a cone-shaped monster weighing almost 1½ tons and launched by a rocket obviously bigger than any in the U.S. arsenal, brought no sense of panic or dismay. Instead, it was accepted as another stern warning that the U.S. must push hard on its own missile program, turn at least one deaf ear to propaganda talk of easy disarmament.

The challenge of the uprising in little Lebanon, the first Middle East nation that accepted the Eisenhower Doctrine without reservation, brought firm but soft-spoken promises of U.S. support. The U.S. airlifted tear gas, guns and ammunition so that the Lebanese government could control insurrection, speeded up a shipment of tanks, sent 18 C-124 transports from Donaldson Air Force Base in South Carolina to West Germany to be within easy range of Lebanon. It also sent two Sixth Fleet amphibious units eastward in the Mediterranean with 3,600 Marines, ready if needed to back up U.S. Ambassador Robert McClintock's word that "We are determined to help this government maintain internal security."

The challenge of France, old U.S. ally and nation at the heart of the NATO pact, found the U.S. standing on the sidelines, confident that France could respond to her own challenge and capture the kind of internal strength and stability indispensable to her key position among Western nations (see FOREIGN NEWS).

But the challenge of South America, for what it told about the national frame of mind and will to deal with problems once defined, was the most heartening. Back from the humiliation at the hands of Communist-led mobs in Venezuela came Vice President Richard Nixon. His first concern was not with redressing his personal grievances but with setting right

the things that he had found wrong with U.S. policy in Latin America; it was challenge and response. On this course his perennial enemies the Democrats agreed, even though they swung on Nixon as a political target as a result of the trip (see THE VICE-PRESIDENCY).

"What are we to do about it?" asked the New York Times, as it surveyed the world around it. "We and the things we stand for will survive when we live up to the ideals we profess . . . The U.S. reaction must be positive, helpful and conservative."

And the beginnings of U.S. reaction in the week of challenge were just that.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY Epochal Journey

They began arriving at 10 a.m. by the dozens, then by the hundreds. By noon there were nearly 15,000—ordinary citizens, students with placards of welcome, brass bands, civil servants, diplomats, Congressmen, Cabinet members and the President of the U.S.—crushing around the DC-6B just landed at Washington's National Airport. In the plane's doorway appeared Vice President and Mrs. Richard Nixon, back from their tumultuous 18-day tour of Latin America. This was their homecoming, rare in its deep-felt warmth.

The receiving line broke up, swirled around the Nixons. "You did a great job, damn your soul," beamed South Caro-

lina's Democratic Representative Mendel Rivers to Republican Nixon. And then, to President Eisenhower: "Didn't he do a wonderful job?" Pennsylvania's Republican Representative James Fulton shouted to Mrs. Nixon: "How about a kiss for the President, Pat?" The President ducked away, grinning, lifting a shielding arm: "Dick is here, and Dick still carries a wallop." On a temporary speaker's stand, President Eisenhower nudged Pat Nixon, pointed to one of the dozens of placards bobbing above the crowd. Its legend: "Viva la Blond!"

Finally, the President waved for quiet, spoke into a battery of microphones. "All America welcomes them home," said Dwight Eisenhower. "We stand together in condemning any kind of Communist leadership of any such incidents as endangered our beloved Vice President and his wife." Replied Nixon: "I don't think that either of us has ever been so moved . . . returning as we do." Minutes later the homecoming caravan rolled away from the airport, along streets lined with 100,000 people, under a triumphant arch of fire-engine ladders, to the White House, where Nixon spent the next hour and a half reporting on his trip to the President and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Nip & Tuck. Both the President and Dulles had been living anxiously on the edge of Nixon's trip since Tuesday, when Ike got first word at a White House luncheon of the Venezuelan mob attack



NIXONS' HOMECOMING: TEMPORARY EMBARRASSMENT, LONG-RANGE GAIN



"RACE? WHAT RACE?"

on the Nixons (see HEMISPHERE). The President's first move was to order Dulles to find out from the Venezuelan embassy if its government was able to protect the Nixons. He added: "We had better find out what we have militarily in the area." The President called Defense Secretary Neil McElroy and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Nathan Twining. Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, who had, through aides, been in touch with the Nixon party in Venezuela, called McElroy, reported the situation as "nip and tuck."

When Herter's report came, McElroy was in conference with the Joint Chiefs. The Army's Maxwell Taylor arose, asked McElroy crisply: "May I use your phone?" Permission granted, Taylor snapped out orders for the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Ky. to alert two companies. Equipment: "Packet A"—i.e., anti-riot weapons, such as billy clubs and tear gas.

That afternoon President Eisenhower made his decision: he ordered Army para-

Associated Press

troopers and Marines* flown to U.S. bases in Cuba and Puerto Rico, there to stand ready to protect the Vice President. A fundamental condition: the troops would be sent into Venezuela only at the request of the Venezuelan government. The Joint Chiefs drew up a provisional plan: if Nixon should be actually besieged, two companies of the 101st Airborne would parachute into Caracas to secure the airfield, followed by two Marine companies, about 500 men, making a sea landing from the missile cruiser *Boston*. The carrier *Tarawa* would be steaming toward Caracas with another 250 Marines. Helicopters would be sent from the airport to the embassy for the Nixons, then the troops would pull out fast.

But such action did not prove necessary; next morning President Eisenhower talked to Nixon by telephone, learned that Caracas was calmer. That day, needed by questions about *Yanqui* diplomacy at his press conference, the President replied calmly: "Well, it is the most, the simplest precautionary type of measure in the world."

Cheers & Jeers. The press conference questions signaled the U.S. uproar to come. The last welcoming cheer for Richard Nixon's homecoming had barely died away when the political outcry began. Oregon's Nixon-hating Democrat Wayne Morse announced that his Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Latin America would investigate the whole Nixon tour, calling in State Department, Central Intelligence Agency and other witnesses "to learn what they knew of the potential for the outbreaks of violence and anti-Americanism before the Vice President scheduled his trip." The full Senate Foreign Relations Committee promptly took over the investigation, scheduled its own hearings and widened the scope. Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler got into the act, declared Nixon's good-will trips abroad were mere propaganda designed to get him on Page One. Replied White House Press Secretary James Hagerty: "How silly can you get?"

The nation's press leaped freely into the growing national fry. New York Times pundit Arthur Krock found one Democratic leader who blamed Nixon for "trying to argue U.S. democracy through an interpreter at a loss to this country's dignity and his own." The Washington Post & Times Herald's Robert C. Albright quoted "several Democrats" who wondered "how much of the hostility exhibited at Lima and Caracas was directed against Nixon himself as a controversial individual." One or two even wondered whether Adlai Stevenson or some other prominent Democrat might not have had better treatment on a similar South American tour.

For the Republicans, Army Secretary Wilber Brucker added heat, but no light.

* But the red-faced Marines were delayed because clerks had to type out the manifests of each hurry-up plane load. Henceforth the Marines will hand-scribble their manifests, save valuable time.



Frank Williams—Miami Herald
NO EASY JOB!

to the debate by saying that Nixon's "sole offense as a cause of the rioting is that he is anti-Communist and anti-Alger Hiss." Connecticut's G.O.P. Representative Albert Morano and Pennsylvania's Republican James Fulton invited all their colleagues to sign up for "Nixon In '60." Six did.

"We Should Be Proud." Beyond the simple political name-calling were two substantive questions: Had the U.S. received adequate advance warning of the riots that might greet Nixon in South America? If so, should Nixon have gone? In fact, U.S. intelligence had considered it probable that there would be Communist demonstrations, even while underestimating their intensity and overestimating the ability of the Latin American governments to handle them. As to whether Nixon should have gone under such circumstances, the best-informed answer lay in the fact that his having gone brought important long-range benefits far outweighing temporary embarrassments.

Richard Nixon returned from South America convinced that it has undergone considerable social and economic revolution in the last decade—and that U.S. diplomacy has not caught up with the change. As he had on his trip to Africa, he found some U.S. diplomats mingling only with the thin upper-crust of society, totally unaware of the aspirations of the restless students and intellectuals. He arrived in Washington determined to throw all his influence into revamping U.S. policy toward Latin America.

"The people there," said he, "are concerned, as they should be, about poverty, misery and disease. They are determined to do something about it. And the U.S. is, and should be, proud to work with them as partners in moving toward democracy, toward freedom, toward economic progress." If achievement of that partnership is the outcome, then Nixon's troubled trip to Latin America may at the final summing have been a historic success.



JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

NIXON: TARGET ON THE HOME FRONT

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE:

ALL Americans, of whatever party, will wish to honor the unflinching courage both the Nixons displayed in very grave danger. We urge Congress to strike a special medal in their honor.

Americans always put politics aside when the nation's honor is involved. The flag that was dragged in the dirt at Caracas was the flag of all of us. The spittle that struck Nixon and his wife was meant for all of us. And the perils which the Nixons braved were braved for all of us.

NEW YORK POST:

VICE President Nixon's Latin American journey has ended in a total debacle for the U.S. No one can question the concern for Nixon's safety voiced by President Eisenhower. But the flamboyant flight of American troops to the scene will surely be recorded as one of the most monstrous blunders of our ill-fated Latin American diplomacy. The President, whose capacity for indecision has become historic, chose exactly the wrong moment and the wrong method to prove that he is a man of action. The President acted like the Communist caricature of the Yankee imperialist. As for Nixon, he has greatly diminished sympathy for his behavior by a vulgar attempt to convert this dismal tour into a presidential campaign trip. He had established his valor in Peru; his insistence on a repeat performance in Venezuela indicates that he was utterly seduced by his press notices, and incapable of recognizing his own limitations.

COLUMBIAN ELEANOR ROOSEVELT:

EVERYONE in this country must have been concerned at the demonstration in Peru against the U.S. and Vice President Nixon, who is our good-will ambassador. But it certainly was not wise for the Vice President to go against the advice of the people who knew the area and begged him not to try and keep his appointment at the university. Like all young men, however, he wanted to prove his courage. This is understandable but sometimes leads to unfortunate results.

Our policy of giving military aid to foreign nations instead of actually raising the living standards in those countries has been a mistake.

COLUMBIAN WALTER LIPPMANN:

AFTER all the official regrets and apologies have been received and accepted, the immediate question before us is how it happened that the Nixons were exposed to these outrages. It is manifest that the whole South American

tour was misconceived, that it was planned by men who did not know what was the state of mind in the cities the Vice President was to visit. For what has happened should never have been allowed to happen and those who are responsible for the management of our relations with South America must answer to the charge of gross incompetence. We must fix and we must correct the causes that led our officials into this fiasco—into what it would not be exaggeration to call a diplomatic Pearl Harbor.

COLUMBIAN DAVID LAWRENCE:

WHAT a cowardly thing it would be for the United States Government to refuse to go ahead with trip previously announced and to give as the reason that it couldn't expect—from friendly governments—protection or security for a visiting delegation!

Not only would the governments of Latin America have been offended, but they would have winced under the charge that they couldn't protect the distinguished visitors they themselves had invited.

The Kremlin has declared "war" against the U.S. in Latin America. It is called a "cold war," and it takes the form of demonstrations, but underneath there is an apparatus designed to aid the strategic purpose of the Communist regime. Fomenting of hostile demonstrations against the Vice President of the U.S. on his visit to various South American countries could only be achieved by direct orders of the Moscow government.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE:

TO take over the impression of an intention to take over the internal policing of a neighbor country with whose government the U.S. is on technically friendly terms, no matter what excesses may be charged to its citizens, is not only unfortunate but a blunder. It recalls the era in which the Marines were policing banana republics and represents gratuitous support of the Communist propaganda line that the U.S. follows a policy of imperialism.

NEW YORK TIMES:

THE public dispatch of 1,000 Marines and paratroopers to Caribbean bases in reply to the outrageous attack in Venezuela on Vice President and Mrs. Nixon could not do anyone any good and seems certain to do the United States harm.

The Venezuelan government was extremely remiss in failing to provide adequate protection for the Nixons, who

were its guests; but the United States did not add to its prestige by making this publicly threatening and futile gesture.

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS:

USA: EAGLE OR PIGEON?

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS:

THE mood of our Government should not be punitive, but we think, in all decency, that in the light of these events there should be more public acknowledgment in South America of the tremendous amounts we spend for their products; a friendlier attitude toward our Point Four and other aid programs, and some show of disapproval at all the anti-Yanqui propaganda.

WASHINGTON STAR:

WITH all deference, we venture to suggest that those Democrats who are trying to capitalize on the President's dispatch of troops to the Caribbean after the Caracas incident have embarked on what will prove to be the most unrewarding political venture of this generation.

Perhaps the President should have waited to see whether the mob was going to storm the American Embassy and drag Mr. and Mrs. Nixon into the street. But we don't think so. And we don't believe the American people will think so, either.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE:

WE cannot entirely suppress a wish that Mr. Nixon could have been accompanied on his present tour by those twelve Western Senators who are working so hard to clamp new restrictions on lead and zinc imports. They would, we are sure, have found the trip instructive.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

ANYBODY who has any conception at all of the interdependence of all nations must have known all the time that South American countries are understandably jittery about what the fluctuations in our economy and in our neighborly concern will mean for them. Anyone who has traveled at all in South America must have felt the uneasiness in recent years. Anyone with any sense at all must have known that radical agitators would have been making as much illicit hay as possible among honestly worried peoples. But apparently all of us had to see Vice President Nixon despised and rejected by university students and less raucously snooted by plenty of plain citizens before we could get the idea that South Americans aren't taking us for granted the way we've been taking them for granted.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Have a Cigar!

"In spite of our serious doubts," wrote Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to President Eisenhower last week, Russia is "prepared to try out" the Eisenhower proposal for joint technical studies on nuclear-test detection. Even with the "serious doubts" attached, this was a surprising concession; Russia had rejected similar U.S. proposals time and again.

With the wariness of a man accepting a cigar from a notorious practical joker, the White House noted that the letter "seems" to accept the U.S. position on the need for joint technical studies as a possible "basis for progress toward agreement on disarmament." Added Secretary of State Dulles, who has seen many a Red cigar explode: "We don't get optimistic quickly about these matters, but at least there is some progress."

THE CONGRESS

Step Toward Decision

The carved mahogany door of the House Ways & Means Committee's conference room swung open and out came a score of frazzled committee members, leaving wan and weary Chairman Wilbur Mills behind to talk to reporters. Arkansas' Mills had an announcement of key importance: pending a final vote this week, the committee had informally approved the Eisenhower Administration's five-year extension of the reciprocal-trade program, with authority for the President to cut tariffs by an additional 25% at the top rate of 5% a year.

Behind that announcement lay weeks of wrangling and hours of bone-tiring, closed-door committee sessions under Wilbur Mills, longtime reciprocal-trade advocate, whose hopes to be Sam Rayburn's successor as Democratic House Speaker might well be at stake in the success or failure of the trade bill. At one point Mills was so discouraged that he predicted total House defeat for reciprocal trade, urged the Administration to take responsibility for watering down its own program (TIME, May 19). When the Administration stood firm, Mills went back to work. The gamble that finally won the Ways & Means Committee's informal approval was a thing of doubtful value and doubtful parentage, known as the "Martin Amendment" because House Republican Leader Joe Martin had helped persuade President Eisenhower to approve it.

Privileged Business. Under the amendment, adopted by a 16-to-9 Ways & Means Committee vote, if the President were to override any recommendation of the Tariff Commission, Congress would have 60 days to reverse his decision by a two-thirds vote in both the House and Senate. Actually, Congress already has that power: it can pass laws reversing presidential tariff-cutting decisions, then override a presidential veto by a two-thirds vote. The only real difference is that under the Martin amendment a resolution reversing the President would be-



TRADER MILLS
Got.

Walter Bennett

come privileged business; i.e., it could come directly to the floors of Congress without being delayed or sidetracked in committees.

With the Martin amendment Wilbur Mills was willing to take a chance on reporting out the bill. But reciprocal trade is still a long way from being out of the woods. The first House floor battle will come on the issue of a closed rule—a rule that would bar amendments from the floor. To get that rule, Wilbur Mills is willing to retreat from the five-year reciprocal-trade extension to a three-year extension.

Combined Opposition. After that the program faces the opposition of protectionists who have, for the first time in



PROTECTIONIST SIMPSON
Got.

Walter Bennett

years, combined in support of a single rival bill. Authored by Pennsylvania's Republican Richard Simpson, it is openly designed to gut reciprocal trade. The key battle will come on a motion to send the reciprocal-trade bill back to the Ways & Means Committee, with orders that it approve the Simpson substitute.

At week's end, as the reciprocal-trade program moved toward the House floor, leaders of both parties were industriously counting House noses—and the future of liberalized foreign trade as a vital U.S. answer to Communist economic aggression hung in the balance.

Foreign-Aid Victory

The week in which South Americans stoned the U.S. Vice President, Lebanese and Algerian rioters sacked U.S. libraries, and U.S. alliances in Europe trembled, was also the week in which the U.S. House of Representatives acted with extraordinary calm and exemplary reason. Putting down momentary anger, the House last week approved (250-134) and sent to the Senate a bill authorizing \$2.9 billion in new foreign aid, \$1.64 billion for military assistance, most of the rest for economic and technical development.

Not all the three days' debate, to be sure, was conducted with sweetness and light. "We have not bought any friends," thundered Michigan's hoary (82), unreconstructed Republican Clare Hoffman, "that is, not friends when we needed them." Snorted Mississippi's arch-reactionary William M. Colmer: "We have seen only in the last few days instances of the fact that this aid is not only not appreciated, but in many instances is not welcome." In this frame of mind, Colmer and other opponents introduced nearly two dozen amendments to gut the principle of foreign aid, chiefly by slicing the total authorization or eliminating aid to Yugoslavia, Egypt, Poland and India. By wide margins, each restrictive amendment was beaten.

"He Shudders." Partly their defeat lay in the fact that the current mood of Congress is for more spending, not less; in last year's savage attack on foreign aid, Congress was still shivering from George Humphrey's prediction of a "depression that will curl your hair" if spending continued. Partly the victory came because foreign-aid advocates approached this year's battle well prepared. Acting Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Thomas E. Morgan of Pennsylvania and energetic new Director James Smith Jr. of the International Cooperation Administration were ready with facts and figures to answer all the predictable horror stories, e.g., that aid funds went for dress suits for Greek undertakers, bathing facilities for Egyptian camel drivers or a chinchilla coat for Zsa Zsa Gabor (see below).

But the most important new factor was the President of the U.S. He had withstood a token \$339 million cut in committee but would accept no more. "He shudders," reported Minority Leader Joe Martin, "to think how he could meet the world situation if there are any further

cuts." Moreover, Ike clearly made foreign aid a part of his three-point Republican loyalty test (TIME, May 19). Backing up the President, Joe Martin scoured the House for more G.O.P. votes, added an angry floor argument: "The charge that we cannot afford the mutual-security program is hogwash. When the U.S. cannot afford its own security, it is time to hoist the white flag."

"Growing Realization." But mainly, last week's bill passed in spite of everything because the House sensed the will of the nation. Said Indiana's veteran Charles A. Halleck: "There is growing realization throughout the country that the far-flung defenses of the U.S. require substantial and continuing foreign aid."



Hollywood Press Syndicate
Zsa Zsa & TRUJILLO JR.
Who could know...

The foreign-aid forces could only hope that such brave words would still echo when the battle comes to back up the authorization with funds.

In other congressional actions last week: ¶ The Senate confirmed (67-13) the appointment of onetime New Hampshire Attorney General Gordon MacLean Tiffany as director of the new Commission on Civil Rights, despite Southern fury over Tiffany's admission that, as a last resort, he would favor the use of federal troops to enforce integration.

¶ The Senate passed by voice vote, and sent to the House, a bill requiring automobile dealers to display on new cars the manufacturer's suggested retail price, the cost of each accessory and a total delivery price. Bill's aim: to eliminate the price pack, a device used by some dealers to raise the total price on new cars to balance off generous trade-in allowances on old models.

¶ The Senate and House approved and sent to the President a compromise \$576 million military pay bill designed to keep skilled technicians and the best leaders in the armed services. The bill provides an

increase ranging from 6% to possibly 60% for nearly all servicemen in uniform at least two years, and sets up extra-pay responsibility grades for officers and proficiency ratings for enlisted men.

¶ The Senate passed (46-36) an area re-development bill, sponsored by Maine's Frederick Payne and Illinois' Paul H. Douglas, that provides \$375 million (compared to the \$50 million President Eisenhower requested) to assist depressed communities suffering serious economic reverses and general and individual hardships because of technological changes or the departure of industry.

A Romp with Pompadour

He was not opposed to foreign aid in general, Ohio Democrat Wayne Hays emphasized to the House during last week's debate on the \$3.6 billion foreign aid authorization bill. But he was opposed to \$600,000 earmarked under the bill for Dictator Rafael Trujillo's Dominican Republic, especially as, at the very same time, Rafael Trujillo Jr. was spending a bit of his \$600,000 annual allowance on a \$5,500 Mercedes-Benz and a \$17,000 chinchilla coat in the U.S. for Cinemagayr Zsa Zsa Gabor (TIME, May 19). Predicted Ohio's Hays, with spade-calling confidence in his congressional immunity: "If he keeps on fooling around with Zsa Zsa Gabor, who apparently is the most expensive courtesan since Madame de Pompadour,* the old man is going to have to raise the ante."

The ante worried Hays more than the morals of the matter ("I do not know what the *quid pro quo* was") or the economics ("He is doing what the President says—'Buy Now'"). To keep it from soaring higher at U.S. expense, Hays introduced an amendment striking out \$400,000 in military aid and \$200,000 in technical assistance funds to Trujillo Sr.

Muffling its laughter, the House decided (79-32) that there is still a case for Dominican Republic aid. Foreign aid advocates swallowed hard, knowing well that Trujillo Jr., a lieutenant general in command of the Dominican Republic's two-bit air force and a student at the U.S. Army's prestige-making Command and General Staff College, is a prime example of the kind of irresponsible foolishness that gives any real enemy of foreign aid just the kind of potent ammunition that makes headlines. Flying into Washington the same day for a nightclub appearance, Zsa Zsa Gabor quickly dismissed the Congress with impeccable style: "Are the magnolia trees in blossom?" asked the platinum-haired Hungarian of Washingtonians sensitive about their cherry blossoms. "That's the one thing I remember about this wonderful city."

* As mistress of Louis XV of France for nearly 20 enduring years, Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson d'Etioles, Marquise de Pompadour, boasted no Mercedes-Benz or chinchilla coats, but managed to spend before her death at 42 an estimated 36 million francs on gowns, jewels, furniture, art work and seven estates, including the Palais de l'Élysée in Paris, today the home of the Presidents of France.

THE PRESIDENCY

More Power to States

On the home front last week President Eisenhower quietly pushed a pet project that, despite the early skepticism of veteran politicians, may mark one of the radical contributions of his Administration. He wrote to House Speaker Sam Rayburn outlining the first firm steps he wants to take in returning to the 48 states some functions now handled by the Federal Government—along with the revenue sources to pay for them.*

His offer: in return for giving up \$100 million worth of federal grants-in-aid they now get for vocational-education work and water-purification plants, the states



Culture Service
MADAME DE POMPADOUR
... the "quid pro quo"?

should get the chance to collect \$150 million of the revenue that the U.S. now takes in from its 10% tax on local telephone calls.

Aware that some G.O.P. Governors are among the reluctant—specifically those whose states happen to be among the net losers in such a swap—Eisenhower sent a message to the Governors' Conference in Miami Beach. "If a healthy functioning of all our political parts is to be maintained," he wrote, just about every citizen has to fight the "centripetal force" that accumulates power in Washington.

Deep-Breathing Exercise

Last winter, as the U.S. was slipping into recession, President Eisenhower described the whole thing as "a breather." Writing out a speech for delivery this week to the American Management Association in Manhattan, Ike noted that the rate of decline was slowing down, reported his verdict on the economy: "We have about caught our breath."

* Since World War II, the total tax take of state and local governments has risen 3½ times as fast as the federal take.

THE BUDGET

Seeing Red

An organization called the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, composed of state and city officials, port authority members, engineering company executives, etc., is to the pork barrel what Boston is to baked beans. Last week doughty Budget Director Maurice H. Stans, who doesn't care beans about pork-barrel politics, went before an N.R.H.C. conference in Washington to explain why there just isn't enough money for all the rivers and harbors projects that the organization urges on Congress. In fiscal 1959, said Stans, the Federal Government faces a deficit of \$8 to \$10 billion. True enough, President Eisenhower sent to Congress last January a 1959 budget showing a \$500 million surplus, but since then the 1959 revenue estimate has slid from \$74.4 billion to \$70 billion. Meanwhile, the spending has soared at least \$4 billion above the original budget total of \$73.9 billion.

The looming 1959 deficit, said Stans, compels the Administration to "look critically at each one of the additional expenditure proposals being urged upon us." And a little elementary arithmetic shows that it will also compel the Administration to ask for another boost in the federal debt ceiling, which Congress reluctantly upped from \$275 billion to \$280 billion only three months ago.

LABOR

Fireside Message

Though he wore a handkerchief mask over the lower part of his face, the tall man in mirror-type sunglasses seemed to show a workmanly patience at his job. For more than an hour one dark morning last week, he painstakingly measured out puddles of gasoline in each of the five dining rooms of Allgauer's Fireside restaurant in Lincolnwood, a suburb northwest of Chicago. While a stubby accomplice leveled an automatic at seven late workers and bushyos, he methodically laid fuses of gasoline-soaked toilet paper from pool to pool. When, at 3:45 a.m., things were finally ready, the two hoods herded their captives out the back door unharmed, threw a flaming packet of matches inside, closed the door and drove off into the night while one of Cook County's biggest and best restaurants exploded into a million-dollar fire.

Business as Usual. Chicagoans read the blaze as a message written brazenly across the sky by the smooth-running, omnipresent crime syndicate. The Fireside's proprietor, Gustav Allgauer, 54, an up-from-bushy owner-boss of three big Chicago restaurants, was one of the few restaurant men in the city who had talked at length with investigators from Arkansas' John McClellan's Senate labor-management investigating committee. Subject of conversations: mob-dominated locals—called in local argot "The Miscellaneous"—of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. restaurant workers' union. Not only did Gus Allgauer have a six-year record of dealings with the Mis-

cellaneous, but he had a bookful of canceled checks to prove it.

The Illinois state's attorney's office, the Cook County sheriff and even the Chicago police took up the search for the arsonists, but Chicago newspapers, well aware that the Chicago police have yet to solve a single one of a string of restaurant bombings and burnings stretching back to 1950, were skeptical. "If investigators . . . do no more than to go through the motions of making an inquiry," editorialized the *Sun-Times*, "other racketeers will only be emboldened to resort to similar methods in an effort to silence prospective witnesses in court cases as well as in congressional hearings." Added the *Tribune*: "That a labor union should ever be sus-

INVESTIGATIONS

Sweetheart Terms

Before the Senate labor-management investigating committee, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.'s top labor expert, Charles A. Schimmat, last week reluctantly told a small and ugly story. In 1952, when the C.I.O. Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union was signing up New York area supermarket employees in a successful drive for a 40-hour work week,* Schimmat cooked up a plan for keeping 16,000 clerks in 700 A. & P. stores working on the same old 15-hour week.

The plan, instead of negotiating with the aggressive C.I.O. group, he would make a deal with the A.F.L. Amalgamated



ARSONISTS' REVENGE ON ALLGAUER'S RESTAURANT IN SUBURBAN CHICAGO
Suddenly the proprietor cooled off.

pected of a plot to destroy evidence and punish and intimidate witnesses before a Senate investigating committee ought to dismay every citizen and especially every union man."

Who Is Sovereign? At first, Restaurateur Gustav Allgauer was breathing fire and brimstone and all manner of indignation, promising to "tell everything I know." Then, suddenly, he switched signals and wanted to know what all the fuss was about—meanwhile prudently surviving the \$1,000,000 worth of damage with his insurance broker.

In Washington Senator McClellan had the last word, just as his labor-management investigating committee hoped ultimately to have the last word when hearings begin next month. And what stern John McClellan had to say added up to a different kind of blaze across the sky. Open defiance of legal federal inquiry "really challenges the sovereignty of government," said he. "Though we haven't even scratched the surfaces yet, the incidents of violence and attempted intimidation underscore the need for laws to drive the crooks out of the labor movement."

Meat Cutters Union, which had made no move to organize clerks, offer it an exclusive contract on "sweetheart" terms. In return for the right to collect dues from the captive thousands of A. & P. clerks, the butchers' union signed a 22-month contract committing the employees to work 45 hours a week. A month later, in return for some minor concessions on welfare benefits, the local boss of the butchers, Max Block, secretly agreed to extend the contract for 33 months longer, still at the old hours.

Calculating that the A. & P. saved \$2,000,000 to \$12 million a year during each year the contract was in effect over what its competitors were paying their help, Committee Chairman John L. McClellan last week called Schimmat's conduct "reprehensible." Other committee Democrats, restive over being cast in the role of labor critics in McClellan investigations, vehemently agreed. Said North Carolina's Democrat Sam J. Ervin Jr. "Those clerks were sold down the river."

* The Fair Labor Standards Act's 40-hour work week exempts retailing.

ARMED FORCES

Whoosh II

Streaking over California's Mojave Desert at an altitude of 40,000 ft. one day last week, burly Air Force Captain Walter Wayne Irwin, 34, opened his throttle, steadied his F-104A single-jet Lockheed Starfighter on course and handily broke the world's official aerial speed record by nearly 200 m.p.h. Previous official record, flown last December over the same measured course by an Air Force F-101A McDonnell Voodoo: 1,207.6 m.p.h. Official time for Irwin's operational Starfighter,* figured by averaging one pass with the wind and one against it: 1,404.19 m.p.h., more than twice the speed of sound.

Sharpshooting

A good 1,600 miles southeastward from Florida last week, watchers aboard the Navy's salvage ship *Escape* spotted a white object as it hurtled out of the sky and plunged into the Atlantic. It was the nose cone of a Jupiter ICBM, launched only minutes earlier from a pad at the Cape Canaveral missile test center. Hoisted aboard *Escape*, the recovered cone proved that the Army had solved both the re-entry problem and the accuracy problem. Hitting the target area at a range of 1,600 miles was a feat of marksmanship considerably more remarkable than nailing a dime with a rifle at 100 yds.

THE LAW

Three Leagues Under the Sea?

One reason why Texas liked Ike in 1952 was that Candidate Eisenhower came out foursquare for giving the states title to the disputed "tidelands"—and Texas expected to pump a lot of revenue out of offshore oil. In a campaign speech in Houston that year, Ike even endorsed Texans' claim that their state really extends three marine leagues (10½ miles) out into the Gulf of Mexico, just as the Republic of Texas did before it joined the U.S. in 1845. Ike kept the campaign promise: in 1953 he signed a bill (similar to bills that Harry Truman had vetoed) turning over to the states the "submerged lands" out to the three-mile limit—"unless" the state's "historic" boundary lay farther out, Texas was mighty pleased.

Last week the Justice Department filed in the Supreme Court a Texas-sized 425-page brief—the longest federal brief in the court's history. It argued that Texas, Louisiana and the other gulf states reach only three miles out, not three leagues, and dunned the states for some \$100 million in oil revenues collected from drillers operating beyond the three-mile limit. The U.S., said the brief, has always fixed its national boundary at three miles offshore and has urged other nations to do likewise. "Manifestly, state boundaries cannot extend beyond the national boundary. By annexing Texas, the U.S. certainly

did not commit itself to relinquish what has been a fundamental cornerstone of its world policy. That would mean in effect that Texas was not annexed to the U.S., but that the U.S. was annexed to Texas."

TENNESSEE

"Before Such a Judge"

To see the gaudiest show in town, Tennesseans flocked last week into the auditorium of Nashville's massive War Memorial Building, where the state house of representatives was meeting while the capitol underwent repairs. The show: Tennessee's first impeachment proceeding in 42 years. The accused: Hamilton Coun-



Don Crovets-Lit
JUDGE SCHOOLFIELD
Unblinking in the balcony.

ty's rowdy, Negro-baiting Judge Raulston ("Turkey Neck") Schoolfield, 53.

With Schoolfield himself looking on unblinkingly from a balcony seat, the legislators listened to 25 separate counts of improper judicial conduct during the judge's ten years on the bench. Samples: taking bribes; quashing indictments against 13 Teamster goons accused of dynamiting and arson (TIME, Dec. 30); illegally "retiring" hundreds of felony cases, putting the defendants in his power by letting them out of jail but keeping them subject to prosecution. By overwhelming votes, the house adopted 24 of the 25 counts, concluded that "no Tennessee should be forced to [stand trial] before such a judge." Next step: an impeachment trial in the Senate.

PHILANTHROPY

Faith, Hope & Charity

Although charity contributions usually recede in the midst of recession, Rochester, N.Y. (pop. 350,000) took on a record \$4,178,552 goal for its early-bird, 1958 Community Chest—Red Cross campaign. Businessmen and labor leaders faithfully

made their fund-raising rounds, while unemployment hovered around 14,000, three times as high as last year. By last week bellwether Rochester's results raised hopes in other cities ready to launch their big fund drives: the number of contributors dropped 4%, but the average gift rose 7% to \$26.75, boosted the total over the goal to 102.7%.

CHILDREN

Alone in the Dark

The big blue and white bus, with 20 passengers aboard, was 2½ hours out of Dallas, pounding north along two-laned U.S. Highway 69-75 through a heavy nighttime thunderstorm, when it suddenly skidded off the road and slammed sideways into a dead tree that broke with an eerie crunch. No one was seriously injured. Then freckled-faced Shirley Stith, 23, screamed out for her 18-month-old daughter, Melanie Jane, who had been thrown through a hole in the bus's side.

Shirley Stith was the first person out of her seat. She leaped through the hole. As she touched the ground, there was a flash of blue sparks, and she crumpled to the ground. In breaking, the tree had pulled down a 2,400-volt power line, left the wire draped as a single-strand shroud over the metal bulk of the bus.

Driver James Stowe tested the shell of the wreckage and fired more sparks. To his passengers, Stowe made a grim announcement. If they stayed in their seats they would survive; if they tried to climb out, or touched metal, they would probably be electrocuted. Woodenly, 19 survivors huddled inside, gasped as they heard Melanie Jane whimpering close by. As the lightning flashed they could see the baby crawling back toward the bus. Chicago-bound Eduardo Ramos shouted for her to go back, to stay away. But in each glimpse she came closer. Suddenly, after an agonizing half-hour, there was a quick hiss of sparks. Said Eduardo Ramos: "The baby was quiet then. We couldn't hear it crying any more."

A few minutes later a passing motorist sped word of the crash to the police and to the power company. The power company pulled the switch on the line, and patrolmen headed out to the wreckage, urged the passengers to come on out. But they refused to move until a power and light man showed up, climbed up and cut the line away from the bus. After that the ambulances took Shirley Stith and daughter Melanie Jane off to Madonna Hospital at Denison, both dead of electrocution.

Visiting Washington's zoo one afternoon last week with her grandfather and sister, 2½-year-old Julia Ann Vogt of Chilliwack, B.C. squeezed through a metal railing that keeps spectators six feet from the lions' cages, backed away teasingly when her grandfather ordered her to come out, backed up to a cage where a waiting ten-year-old lion named Caesar grabbed the child, clawed her into the cage, and with his mate, Princess, mangled her to death.

* Nine days earlier a Starfighter set a new world's altitude record for ground-to-air flights—91,240 ft. (TIME, May 19).

POLITICAL NOTES

The Price Is Right

In New Mexico the cleavage between the Spanish-American descendants of the original Spanish settlers and the "Anglos," the newcomers from other states, was once so sharp that Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez was certain to be re-elected on his Spanish name alone. But since World War II, the huge inpouring of outsiders to man atomic-energy laboratories, air bases, rocket test stations and other defense installations and industries has greatly watered down the Spanish influence—so much so that six years ago fiery Major General Patrick Hurley, an Anglo, and a Republican to boot, missed defeating Chavez by only 5,000 votes.

Last December old (70) Dennis Chavez' stock had sunk so low that many a county Democratic chairman was looking for a bright new face to replace him. Supporters of former Democratic Governor John Simms Jr. blamed Chavez for Simms' 1956 defeat, distributed cards: "Give Dennis the Gate in '58." In his hour of grimmest need wily Dennis Chavez turned to an issue that many a Congressman before him has exploited, but never quite so blatantly.

Pointing out that he is the fifth U.S. Senator in seniority, Four-Term Chavez (first appointed in 1935) argued that New Mexico had to send him to Washington again to keep his chairmanship of the Senate Public Works Committee and of the potent Military Appropriations Subcommittee. Latching on to the recession, Chavez let no week go by without a claim for some new highway, irrigation project or defense installation attributable to his efforts, linked the profits of New Mexico businessmen and the jobs of New Mexico workmen to his Senate politicking. Last week, as New Mexicans went to the polls to hold their primaries, Chavez let loose

a final claim that New Mexico will get \$261 million from the Defense Department in fiscal 1959,* twice the annual level when Chavez took over the Appropriations Subcommittee in 1955. "This increase," said Senator Chavez meaningfully, "didn't just happen."

Next morning New Mexico surveyed the results of Chavez' "I'll get it for you wholesale" campaign. Democratic primary votes for Chavez: 65,000; for Elzer S. ("Johnny") Walker, his Democratic opponent: 35,000. Along the way, Chavez' 1952 foe, Pat Hurley, decided not to run, leaving it virtually a certainty that the Republican nominee, Rancher Forrest Atchley of Clayton, will lose to Dennis Chavez in November.

Who's on First?

Settling back to enjoy the election-year bawlgame between Democrats and Republicans, New York voters discovered last week that the starting line-ups were far from firm. Moreover, they needed political scorecards to recognize players fighting for positions on each team. Items: ¶ Seven-term Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, 49, already under indictment for income tax evasion (TIME, May 19), slipped into trouble on another front. Under prodding by Tammany Chiefclerk Carmine De Sapio, Harlem political leaders declared Powell Democrat *non grata* for his support of the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket two years ago, looked around for another candidate. Pastor Powell (Abyssinian Baptist Church) churned into an oratorical frenzy. Cried he: "I am being purged because obviously I am a Negro and a Negro should stay on the plantation." Powell called New Yorker De Sapio "a Mississippi boss" and "a liar," spun off insults at Republicans and Democrats alike, announced that he would run for an eighth term as an independent Democrat.

¶ Conservative Republican Frederic R. Coudert Jr., 60, whose vote-pulling power in Manhattan's East Side silk-stocking 17th Congressional District was badly snagged the last two times out by big Democratic protest votes and near defeat, announced that he would not run for a seventh term. Coudert's withdrawal signaled a bloody primary and a bloodier general election to pick a successor.

¶ Two-term Republican Senator Irving McNeil Ives, 62, one of the Senate handful of steady Eisenhower Republicans, announced that poor health (high blood pressure) bars him from seeking a third term this autumn.† Ives' retirement paved the way for the G.O.P. to break a growing deadlock over the gubernatorial nomination by supporting eager, onetime

* A claim also made with some justification by New Mexico's junior Senator, Harry Truman's onetime Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson, now ranking Senate member of the powerful Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

† Making him the sixth Republican to decline to run for Senate re-election. The others: Vermont's Ralph Flanders, California's William Fife Knowland, Pennsylvania's Edward Martin, New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith and Indiana's William E. Jenner.



N.Y. Daily News
HOPEFUL ROCKEFELLER
Persistent but unannounced.

National Chairman Leonard W. Hall, 57, for Governor and trying to divert Manhattan Millionaire Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, 49, from his persistent but unannounced interest in the Governor's chair to an interest in Irving Ives' Senate seat. Possible Democratic Senate contenders: New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner, onetime Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter and New York District Attorney Frank Hogan. Strongest of the three is Wagner, who swept back into city hall last November with the largest plurality ever granted a New York mayor, still wants to follow his father into the Senate, was defeated on his first try two years ago, and may run again this year before a current series of municipal scandals grows too unwieldy.

Democrats for Congress

Not since 1936, Pollster George Gallup reported last week, have Democratic chances of capturing overwhelming control of Congress been so bright as they are now. Gallup's report on the nationwide preferences for the November elections:

Pro-Democratic: 58%, v. 35% in February.

Pro-Republican: 42%, v. 45% in February.

Even outside the solid Democratic South, said he, the Democratic bulge adds up to 36%.

Pollster Gallup had one note of caution. Early in 1946 Democrats held a 55% edge in the same area of nationwide congressional preference, but toward midsummer, resentment against a rash of crippling strikes by labor unions turned the tide. That November, Republicans captured a majority of 246 House seats in the 80th Congress, even though Democrat Harry Truman was in the White House. Gallup's 1958 escape hatch: with summer business upturn, congressional history might possibly repeat itself.



Associated Press
HOPEFUL HALL
Eager but uncertain.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

Rolling & Controlling Events

In a week of violent happenings, in Algiers, in Paris, in Caracas and in Beirut, the news had the bewildering quality of rockets going off at once in different directions. Up went a new Sputnik. On the streets of cities thousands of miles apart angry youthful throngs rioted, bent on demonstration and destruction; whatever else they were mad about, they usually found their way to the U.S. Information library to sack and burn it. Was it all coincidence?

Crises have a way of reverberating; Suez and Hungary occurred in the same week, and eruptions in the West frequently accompany rumblings in the East. Those who looked for linkings last week, including those prepared to believe that the Russians were at the bottom of most everything, could begin by separating what was spontaneous combustion in the week's news and what was prepared.

Matter of Timing. Launching of Sputnik III was something whose timing Moscow could control—and probably did—to impress the visiting Nasser with Russian might. And obviously timed to follow Sputnik was Khrushchev's new offer of a "radical solution" of the disarmament problem, to offset the developing impression that Russia was not eager for a summit meeting it could not dominate.

In the Middle East, the swelling force of Arab nationalism was bound to burst at some moment in Lebanon after Nasser spread his United Arab Republic to the tiny country's very border. It was the murder of a pro-Nasser editor, assassin unknown, that set off the mob against Lebanon's pro-Western government. There was no clear evidence that Nasser wanted the outbreak at that moment or had decried its timing. He had merely fanned existing discontent beforehand, and his agents were prepared to ride it afterward. As Cairo, Damascus and Moscow radios dinned encouragement of the insurrection, a message crossed the Syrian border, on the person of an eccentric Belgian diplomat, addressed to persons unknown, in Beirut: "Fire at police, disarm agents. Continue shooting all day. Blow up the presidential palace. Kill whenever necessary; throw bombs from roofs and in streets. Burn a few cars during nights: this is indispensable. Take Tripoli as an example and do the same." Agitators need not invent events to profit by them.

Waiting for Trouble. In similar fashion, the dates of Vice President Nixon's visit to Latin America were well known in advance, and skilled agitators had only to direct a directionless mob to appropriate targets (see THE HEMISPHERE). In France, quite a different set of ambitious men (not Communist at all) anxiously watched the discontent that had long been fermenting in the exasperations of a 20-year recession of unwon wars, in an

army's disgust at political restrictions on all-out colonial defense, in a paratrooper mentality that blamed all military frustrations on the cynical surrenders of reprobate politicians in Paris. These watching men leaped in swiftly in Algiers to guide events their way, but if they could impel events they could not with certainty control them. France settled down to an uneasy testing time of men in action and in reaction. Men eager to exploit the situation were fearful that a misstep might bring to power those they opposed, or a continuing irresolution might bring on what no true Frenchman wanted, the trials of a civil war.

FRANCE

"I Am Ready"

[See Cover]

As in Roman days, the revolt to bring down the regime began with the generals taking power in the provinces, and waiting for the capital to fall of its own weakness.

Insurrection broke out first in Algiers, when 30,000 French *colons*, fearful that a new French government might abandon Algeria, rioted in the streets, sacked the Government Building, and were calmed only when Paratroop General Jacques Massu announced that he had taken power in Algiers in defiance of Paris. That left it up to Paris: to the National Assembly to capitulate or fight back; to the mobs in the street to enlist for or against the battered, precarious Fourth Republic.

In the Paris streets loudspeakers rasped out the orders of tough Maurice Papon, recently brought from Algeria to become police prefect of Paris: "Use your clubs! Use your clubs!" His men complied. In the Place de la Concorde a mob of 6,000 right-wingers led by burly ex-Poujadist Jean-Marie Le Pen—sporting the tricolor sash of a Deputy and the green beret of his old paratroop regiment—came face to face with rifle-toting police drawn up in columns four deep. For a time the mob hesitated. Then, with cries of "Algeria is French!" and "Throw the Deputies into the Seine!", the rightists made a wild rush for the Concorde bridge leading to the National Assembly. In minutes, they reeled back in flight, blinded by gas grenades, battered by rifle butts, clubs and fists.

After this setback to the right, the left took its licks. In the hallowed "proletarian" section of Paris between the Bastille and the Place de la République, 2,000 Communists roamed the streets shouting, "Fascism shall not pass!" A woman stepped out from behind one of the Red commandos to jeer at the police: "*Saluads!*" With a roar, a squadron of 30 flies charged. The plainclothesman leading them hit the jeering woman squarely in the mouth. The rest of the mob faded away.

The thwacking of Papon's night sticks and the defiance of the Algerian generals could not be heard in the sleepy (pop.



CHARLES DE GAULLE

"One day France will call on him."

365) village of Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, 150 miles southeast of Paris. But these were expectant sounds that reverberated in the imagination of Colombey's first citizen, a towering man of 67 with an equine face and the stiff, awkward movements of a French career soldier. And they were sounds that drove him at last to pick up the telephone, an instrument he dislikes, and summon an aide from Paris to receive a typically laconic statement: "For twelve years France, at grips with problems too harsh for the regime of political parties, has pursued a disastrous course. . . . Today, in the face of the troubles that again engulf the country, it should be known that I am ready to take over the powers of the republic."

The Politician of Catastrophe. In a tense situation, suddenly close to civil war, these proud, cryptic words stirred hopes, fears and questions throughout France. The government-run national radio network broke into a musical program to flash the message. A special edition of *France Soir*, the nation's largest evening paper, disappeared from the newsstands like birdseed scattered before a flock of starlings. In near panic, Speaker André Le Troquer of the National Assembly called upon all Deputies who were out of town to return to Paris at once.

The man whose words created such furor had held no political office since 1946, had expressed no public position on political issues since 1954. He had only a handful of avowed followers in Parliament and offered his countrymen only the most unspecific of programs. Yet no man in France last week cast so long a shadow or so completely embodied the crisis of the Fourth Republic as General Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle.

He had always made his terms clear. The idol of France at one of the crises in his life, he had served an ultimatum upon his countrymen: if they wanted him to take part again in the game of French politics, they must change the rules. Specifically, they must turn their backs on France's prewar system of parliamentary supremacy and accept a chief executive empowered to make policy without constant interference from the National Assembly. When, after World War II, a majority of Frenchmen opted for the old rules, De Gaulle retired to the sidelines and sat there for a decade, croaking, like Cassandra, of impending disaster. Last week his prophecies, like Cassandra's, were being borne out, and the kind of hour for which he was created was about to strike once again. For De Gaulle, as Historian Herbert Luethy noted, is essentially a "politician of catastrophe," and it was catastrophe that stalked France last week.

After the Coffee. The crisis was long abuilding, and a surprise to no one when it came: the only question was which of France's innumerable Cabinet crises would produce the *crise de régime*. France had been without a government since the fall of Félix Gaillard a month earlier; two would-be Premiers had tried to put together majorities and had failed. Now too, white-haired Pierre Pflimlin of the



RIOTERS STORMING GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN ALGIERS
"We are saving the republic!"

Associated Press

Catholic Popular Republican Party had submitted his prospective program to the Assembly, and the Deputies, wearied by a full afternoon of oratory, had adjourned for dinner in various excellent restaurants in the neighborhood. Shortly before 9 o'clock, while most were still lingering over their after-dinner coffee, news tickers pounded out word of the military insurrection in Algiers.

In Algiers, for nearly a week, the right-wing press had been working on the emotions of the city's French population by preaching against Pflimlin as an apostle of "abandonment," because he was known to favor negotiations with the rebel Algerian National Liberation Front. Then came the explosive word that Algerians had execut-

ed three French prisoners in reprisal for the execution of three rebels in Algiers' jail. Driven by uncontrollable fury, thousands of *colons* surged into the streets of Algiers shouting "The army to power!" and "Vive De Gaulle!" (see below). They were quieted only when General Massu placed himself at the head of a junta with the ominously evocative name of the Committee of Public Safety.*

In Paris, when the well-fed Deputies returned to the Assembly, the debate on

* The original Committee of Public Safety, dominated by Robespierre, was the effective government of France during the French Revolutionary Terror, when some 2,500 people, including Marie Antoinette, were guillotined in the Place de la Concorde.



RIOTERS MARCHING ON THE ASSEMBLY IN PARIS
"Throw the Deputies into the Seine!"

Dalmos



REBELLIOUS PATRIOT

The man who defied the French government and proclaimed Algiers in revolt last week was a brave and tormented paratroop general named Jacques-Emile-Charles-Marie Massu:

Early Life. Born May 5, 1908 at Châlons-sur-Marne, the son of an artillery officer. Graduated from Saint-Cyr, France's West Point, in 1930, was posted to the colonial infantry in French Equatorial Africa.

World War II. On the day France surrendered to the Nazis in 1940, Jacques Massu, still a lieutenant commanding a fort in the Sahara scribbled a "rude French word" in his diary and beneath it the pledge: "*Nous vaincrons*" (We shall win). Hearing De Gaulle's radio appeal from London, Massu joined the Free French in Africa, was nicked in the calf by an Italian bullet in a desert battle, calmly cauterized the wound himself with a cigarette, fought on across North Africa and into France and Germany as a lieutenant colonel with General Leclerc's famed 2nd Armored Division.

Fighting On. He has hardly ceased fighting since. He served in Indo-China for two years, considered establishing a semimilitary colony of demobilized soldiers there (the way soldiers had settled in Algeria a century before), but instead returned to North Africa to train paratroop commands, built up an elite corps which worshipped him as "*le Père des Paras*" (the Father of the Paratroopers). Led the French paratroop landings in the short-lived Suez campaign in November 1956, became embittered that a political decision to halt the invasion wiped out his rapid gains.

Men in Berets. In January 1957, with the Algerian rebellion in full tilt and the capital city terrorized by bomb attacks, Massu was named Military Commander of Algiers. With 20,000 paratroopers, spearheaded by his own 10th Parachute Division, he directed the cleanup of terrorists with thudding thoroughness and violence. He came under fire in France for the "police state" operations of his network of 1,500 block informants, and the torture methods admittedly used by his men on captured Moslems.

But for his "victory of Algiers" Massu became a hero to the 1,000,000 European settlers in Algeria, and his paratroopers—and their alumni, in veterans organizations in both France

and Algeria—became a rallying point for the right wing in France. Veterans proudly wore the distinctive berets of their old regiments—red for the Colonialists recruited overseas, blue for paratroopers of Metropolitan France, green for Foreign Legionnaires.

Appearance & Attitudes. Tall (6 ft. 1 in.) and wiry, capable of doing anything he asks his men to do, Massu is what the French call, in a word borrowed from the Arabs, *barouder*, a hardheaded fighter. His bristling mustache, gigantic nose and fiery eyes are set in a face that looks like a well-worn chopping block. For all his outward appearance of strength, Massu has frequently betrayed an inner uncertainty. Like his hero De Gaulle, he has often wondered whether to suffer under authority that he believes is wrong or to strike out alone. At Suez, irritated at the slowness of the British landings, Massu tormented himself with the idea of leapingfrogging ahead against orders.

When his torture methods in Algiers aroused civil libertarians in France, Massu sank into a funk of soul searching. He tells of wanting to cooperate with the Moslems. His wife, the former Suzanne Rosenberg (an ambulance driver with Leclerc, later an army major commanding 1,200 uniformed women auxiliaries in Indo-China), runs a charity home for Moslem orphans. But Massu defends the torturing of Moslem prisoners: "Does anyone think we can wait weeks, or even days, for a bomb thrower to tell us where his arsenal is? We have to have the information that very night. Torture, torture, I have to do it. How can I avoid it?"

Last September, when French vigilantes in Algeria asked him to lead them, Massu not only refused, but reproved them: "I, Massu, I obey orders. If necessary, I'll have you shot." Last week when he took command of the junta in Algeria, Massu did not act like a Franco, eager to reconquer his homeland from an African base. Said he: "I am not a political general. I would have been glad to do without the events of last night." He was still hoping to be inspired by orders—from his old hero De Gaulle.

Pflimlin's doubtful candidacy resumed as if there had been no news at all. At last, unable to contain himself longer, Communist Floor Leader Waldeck Rochet leaped to his feet and shouted: "In Algiers General Massu has sent an ultimatum to the President of the Republic!" With a roar of rage, right-wingers began to shout "Budapest, Budapest" and "Algeria is French!" Hoarsely, Rochet persisted: "This is the creation of an illegal and insurrectionist government!"

White with anger, Speaker Le Troquer, a Socialist, pounded for order. Said Pflimlin: "It is true that grave events are taking place in Algiers, but it is not for the Communist Party to save the Republic and Algeria. I demand suspension of the session so that those who are responsible for the maintenance of Republican order can face up to the situation."

With that, tight-lipped Pierre Pflimlin hustled out of the Assembly to the Hotel Matignon, official residence of France's Premiers, for a four-hour series of conferences with a parade of ex-Premiers. By the time the Assembly reconvened at 1:20 in the morning, it had gradually been borne in upon the contentious parliamentarians of France that they had better form a government fast. In dead silence the Deputies listened while Pflimlin, his voice trembling with emotion, declared: "You must realize that we are on the verge of a civil war." Then, with the 133 Communists abstaining and the right still stubbornly opposed, Pierre Pflimlin was invested as Premier of France by the unimpressive vote of 274 to 129.

Taking No Chances. At 4 a.m. the new Premier called his first Cabinet session. Already, while the Assembly was still passing on Pflimlin, Lame Duck Premier Félix Gaillard had moved to prevent any link-up between the insurgents in Algeria and their sympathizers in France. He shut down all but official communications with Algeria; and froze at their docks all ships loaded with supplies. By midnight police had already begun to round up 40 right-wing extremists throughout France. These precautions spoiled the plans of at least one Poujadist Deputy to join Massu, and delayed the arrival in Algeria of a far more potent threat to the government—Gaulist Deputy Jacques Soustelle, who somehow eluded a "protective" guard of eight policemen, and at week's end turned up in Algeria spouting fire.

The new Premier, taking no chances, summoned to the capital hard-bitten *Garde Mobile* units from the provinces and from West Germany. Then, in a shrewd attempt to force a quick decision on General Raoul Salan, the decision-avoiding Indo-China veteran who is nominally in command of all French forces in Algeria, Pflimlin got on the phone to Algiers and charged the wavering Salan with maintaining the Republic's authority there. And at dawn 76-year-old President René Coty, who sat in on the Cabinet meeting, made an unprecedented broadcast to the army: "General officers, officers, noncommissioned officers, corporals and soldiers serving in Algeria. I appeal to

your patriotism and your good sense not to add division in the face of the enemy to the trials of the fatherland."

The Eleventh Hour. For a few hours it appeared that perhaps Pflimlin and Coty had turned the trick that easily. The first response to their appeals was hopeful: General Massu acknowledged General Salan's authority. But then, in a speech of masterful ambiguity, Salan acknowledged himself in authority but finished off with the rallying cry of the French *colons* in Algeria: "Vive De Gaulle!" On top of that came De Gaulle's "I am ready" statements from Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, neither endorsing nor disavowing Massu's coup—a fact sure to put new heart into the insurgents in Algiers, who were still refusing to submit to any authority save De Gaulle.

Now, at the eleventh hour, the "republicans" buried their ancient, obscure quarrels. Socialist Guy Mollet, who for a month had been proclaiming his party's unwillingness to participate in any conceivable government, hastily agreed to serve as Pflimlin's Vice Premier, and said he would even be willing to serve as Under Secretary of Beaux-Arts. In the Assembly, Pflimlin demanded emergency powers—the right to hold suspects without trial, to make searches at any hour, to deport citizens from troubled areas, to impose full censorship and to close movies, theaters and cafés. Working with unprecedented speed, the Deputies gave him the powers he wanted within the day—and did so by one of the biggest majorities (462 to 112) accorded any French Premier since World War II. Pflimlin brought in as Minister of the Interior 65-year-old Socialist Jules Moch, who won fame in an earlier cold war stint in the Interior Ministry as a merciless cop.

Without a Head. To listen to Pflimlin's new-found admirers—including the Communist Deputies who supported the emergency-powers bill—the issue before France was a matter of black and white; there existed, as Pflimlin said, "a plot against the republic," and anyone who believed in democracy must be ready "to take all necessary measures to maintain republican liberties." Unhappily, like most other attempts to reduce French political issues to black and white, this proposition was founded on a fallacy. In this case, the fallacy was the assumption that the existing French political system constitutes a working democracy.

The sad truth is that the republic which Pflimlin sought to preserve from civil war is in itself a kind of permanent, institutionalized civil war. Since the fall of Napoleon III in 1870, France has solved the political conflicts among its citizens by settling for a government without a head—a government in which no single group could ever acquire enough power and responsibility to carry out a consistent long-term national policy. The bourgeois and petty bourgeois "republicans," who believed that the supreme end of social life was the self-gratification of the individual citizen, were left free to evade their taxes and pursue their pleas-



PREMIER PFLIMLIN MEETING THE PRESS

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

In the wings stood the waiting Charles de Gaulle, but doggedly holding the center of the parliamentary stage was Pierre Pflimlin, new Premier of France and head of France's 25th government since the war, in whose hands lay the fate of the Fourth Republic.

Early Life. Born Feb. 5, 1907, in the bleak industrial city of Roubaix in the north of France, the son of an Alsatian textile worker. Pflimlin means "little plum" in Alsatian dialect and is pronounced by the French *fleem-lanh* (London headline-writers have nicknamed him "Mr. Plum"). Studied law at the Catholic Institute of Paris, later earned his doctorate at the University of Strasbourg. With a lively law practice in Strasbourg, became expert in economics and agriculture.

World War II. Fluent in German, he served as an interpreter with the French army in Belgium until the Nazis captured him. After his release he fled to the Alps, there joined the resistance, won the *Croix de Guerre*.

Political Career. Won a seat in the Constituent Assembly in 1945 as a member of the Roman Catholic M.R.P. (Popular Republican Movement). Has held office, usually as Minister of Agriculture, in 15 different postwar Cabinets. In 1949 he abruptly quit the Cabinet of his fellow Popular Republican Georges Bidault, sometime Foreign Minister in the De Gaulle Cabinet (1944), in protest against the government's failure to keep up the price of sugar beets. A year ago Pflimlin wrested the M.R.P. leadership from Bidault, an increasingly bitter man who alone in his party advocates a tough policy in Algeria. Pflimlin's last post before becoming Premier: Minister of Finance and Economic Affairs under outgoing Félix Gaillard.

Attitudes. An Alsatian man through and through, Pflimlin ardently championed the European Common Market,

won an international reputation as the author of the "green pool" plan, which he hoped would do for agriculture what the Schuman Plan (also sponsored by an Alsatian) had done for the European coal and steel industry. Though his party played a prominent part in the overthrow of Premier Mendès-France who tried to ease French policy in North Africa, Pflimlin himself is regarded by the right as much too liberal, is called "the Mendès-France who goes to Mass." He was one of a group of leading Catholics to protest against French atrocities in Algeria. He now favors "a liberal policy in Algeria starting from a position of strength."

Personality. Eloquent and hard-working, he gets to his office at 8:30 each morning, has been known to make as many as 16 speeches in a single day. Has a rapid walk, fastidiously precise diction, and a temper that can erupt over the slightest clumsiness on the part of a subordinate. Married to the daughter of his former Strasbourg landlady, he eats sparingly, drinks scarcely at all, likes long walks, the opera and Russian novels.

Mission. In an emergency broadcast, Pflimlin proposed to defend the republic by changing it peaceably: "It is necessary to make a profound reform in our institutions," he said, "but the changes must be carried out in a state of legality and respect for our public interests. If they were carried out by violence, our country would be torn tragically apart. Order and the laws of the republic are the sole safeguard of the unity of the nation."

ures. Yearners after glory and national prestige—mostly nostalgic royalists—were left free to expand the French empire and carry out France's "civilizing mission" among the Annamese, Tonkinese, Tunisians, Algerians, Moroccans, Togolanders and Tahitians. But neither of these groups—nor any other—was allowed to impose its vision of the good society on France as a whole.

The system worked for a time and after a fashion. But with World War II and the unmistakable decline of France and Western Europe to a secondary role in world affairs, it ceased to work at all. Dazzled by the powerful light from the Red star over Moscow, millions of Frenchmen—and one-quarter of France's Parliament—gave their primary allegiance to a foreign power. Refusing to recognize the force of the passion for independence that has seized the peoples of Asia and Africa, millions of other Frenchmen—and another quarter of the nation's Parliament—became obsessed with a blind and bloody determination to hang on to France's imperial possessions. French moderates, bickering among themselves and haggling for office, were able to do no more than fight desperate rear-guard actions in defense of a crumbling status quo.

"The Big Asparagus." The political impotence that was ultimately to afflict France was already clearly foreseeable when Charles de Gaulle was born in the dreary northern factory town of Lille in November 1890. From his father, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War who taught philosophy and literature at a Jesuit school, De Gaulle, by his own account, early acquired a vision of France as "the princess in fairy stories or the Madonna in the frescoes... dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny." But by the time he was in his teens, earnest, awkward Charles was already "saddened at seeing so many gifts wasted in political confusion and national disunity." Already, too, he had acquired the conviction that "France would have to go through gigantic trials, that the interest of life consisted in one day rendering her some signal service, and that I would have the occasion to do so."

When he graduated from St. Cyr (where his fellow cadets nicknamed him "the big asparagus"), Honor Student de Gaulle, privileged to choose the regiment with which he would serve, selected the 33rd Infantry Regiment commanded by Colonel Henri Philippe Pétain. Regarding Pétain with something close to idolatry, De Gaulle earned in return the patronage of the future marshal of France and Vichy chief of state. After World War I, in which De Gaulle suffered three wounds and won the *Croix de guerre*, Pétain consented to stand godfather to his protégé's son—who was duly christened Philippe. Shortly later, the marshal wrote of De Gaulle: "One day a grateful France will call on him."

In the years between the two world wars, Major de Gaulle became increasingly convinced that France must have a relatively small professional army built around mechanized units. This forward-looking strategic concept won him imme-

diate fame in Germany, where his book *The Army of the Future* was carefully studied by the men who later organized Hitler's Panzer divisions, but was regarded as heresy by French senior officers.

The Burden of France. In France's brief day of fighting in World War II, De Gaulle, with a hastily scraped-up mechanized division, inflicted upon the Germans two of the rare local defeats they suffered in invading France. Then, when the bemedaled marshals bowed to Hitler, the hulking, self-conscious brigadier general, whose very name was unknown to most of his countrymen, solemnly concluded that "at this moment, the worst in her history, it was for me to assume the burden of France." Fleeing to England, De Gaulle arrived "stripped of everything, like a man standing on the



ALGERIAN COMMANDER SALAN
The tinder had been waiting...

shores of an ocean proposing to swim across." Undaunted even by his own metaphor, he beamed toward his homeland a war cry that Frenchmen will never forget: "France has lost a battle. But France has not lost the war."

In the five years that followed, indomitable Charles de Gaulle built the Free French movement from his private dream into a 500,000-man force that served the Allied cause gallantly and effectively on battlefields from Bir Hacheim to Germany itself. By so doing he should have won the gratitude, if not the affection, of his allies. But because of his preoccupation with French prestige and the safeguarding of French national interests, De Gaulle won himself the name of an intransigent troublemaker. Franklin Roosevelt, reporting on the Casablanca Conference in a letter to his son John, wrote: "The day [De Gaulle] arrived he thought he was Joan of Arc and the following day he insisted he was Georges Clemenceau." A series of equally bitter arguments over British policy in Syria and Madagascar led Winston Churchill

to complain: "Of all the crosses I have borne since 1940 none is so heavy as the Cross of Lorraine."

New Façade, Old Faces. But when, at last, De Gaulle entered Paris in triumph in August 1944, he was the symbol of liberated France. Styling himself Provisional President, De Gaulle was unanimously confirmed in that office by the reconstituted National Assembly. Fortified by his conviction that "France, betrayed by her elite and her privileged groups, will never be the same as the prewar France," he set out to establish the strong executive that the Third Republic had so desperately lacked.

But it was soon the same old France. As wartime memories faded, the reviving political parties showed increasing hostility to De Gaulle's proposed constitution, eventually succeeded in persuading the French electorate to reject it. Finally, one Sunday in January 1946, Charles de Gaulle, unable to stomach further "the intrigues, combinations, upsets, recoveries and illusions" inherent in French party politics, abruptly resigned office.

If, as seems possible, he calculated that the French people would be shocked into calling him back on his own terms, he was grievously mistaken. In the October 1947 municipal elections his newly formed Rally of the French People won 40% of the popular vote, and for a few brief weeks it seemed that the National Assembly might have no choice but to submit to "le grand Charlie" and his parliamentary reforms. But with the aid of anti-Gaullist President Vincent Auriol, the politicians headed De Gaulle off. In 1954, disgusted and disillusioned, De Gaulle publicly severed all ties with his parliamentary followers, withdrew from direct competition for power in "this republic which I picked up out of the mud."

The Cardplayer. Since then De Gaulle has lived in self-imposed retreat in a towered stone house at Colombey. Thickening at the waist and beset by eye trouble—he had a cataract operation a year ago and still wears heavy glasses—he has until recently devoted most of his time to writing his memoirs, in the afternoons striding rapidly through the nearby Forêt Gauleoise, where Vercingetorix played hide-and-seek with Caesar's army 2,000 years ago. A fervid bridge player in his army days, the general is a devotee of a French form of solitaire called *réussite*, plays as many as 18 games a day and keeps careful statistics on how the cards come up, to guide him in future play.

"Conditions, Monsieur?" Once a week, in his six-year-old Citroën, he is driven to the shabby Left Bank office building at 5 Rue de Solferino that houses the Paris headquarters of the Rally of the French People. There, in a sparsely furnished office, De Gaulle receives representatives of almost every current of political opinion, French and foreign. (Among his past callers: U.S. Ambassador to France Amory Houghton, Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov, French Communist Boss Jacques Duclos, Right-Wing Rabble-Rouser Pierre Poujade.) Somehow De Gaulle's visitors come away with the reali-

zation that he has learned' more from the conversation than they have. A few months ago crafty Independent Leader Roger Duchet, feeling that the time might be ripe for a deal, went to 5 Rue de Solferino with a pointed question: If the conservative Independents agreed to throw their support behind a drive to have De Gaulle recalled to power, what would be the general's conditions? "Conditions, Monsieur?" boomed De Gaulle. "There can be no conditions for saving France!"

Rhetoric & Practice. Judging by such oracular pronouncements and De Gaulle's obviously unshaken belief that his day is not done, many Frenchmen see the aging De Gaulle as a pompous and amusing figure deluded by grandeur. But his memoirs—which French literary critics have compared to the works of Thucydides, Julius Caesar and Sir Winston Churchill—reveal him as a profoundly sophisticated man with a far-ranging mind, a shrewd insight into people and an ironic sense of humor. ("I am fed up with all generals, including myself," he once said.) Behind the accusations of egomania, argue his admirers, lies a failure to recognize that De Gaulle is a dedicated man whose entire strength, passion and intelligence have been devoted to his conception of France as a nation that "is not really herself unless in the front rank."

Others were convinced he was a would-be dictator (or fascist, as the cheaper cry had it). His career belies the charge. Once, in conversation with Novelist André Malraux, his wartime propaganda chief, De Gaulle declared: "One usually ascribes to me one quality: intelligence. Then how can one suppose that I am so unintelligent as to want to make a *coup d'état*? . . . The era of the *coup d'état* is past. It is an anachronism which does not at all correspond to my temperament." During the war, stubborn as he was with allies, he freely allowed himself to be overruled by Free France's Liberation Committee. And in the immediate postwar years, when France was in his hands and absolute power might have been his for the seizing, he accepted political extinction rather than violate "republican legality."

But, if he is not a fascist, De Gaulle is beyond question an authoritarian prepared to demand vast emergency powers as Franklin Roosevelt once did. He has insisted that he would never again accept a "temporary magistrature." Before he would consent to return to power, the National Assembly would have to agree to send itself on "permanent vacation," give De Gaulle a free hand until a new French constitution could be written. Under the new constitution, as De Gaulle envisages it, France would no longer be ruled by a single house of Parliament. (The French Senate is as meaningless as Britain's House of Lords.) Instead, the nation would have two coequal chambers dividing legislative power somewhat as the U.S. House and Senate do. For the executive, i.e., himself, De Gaulle would insist on power comparable to that wielded by the U.S. President.

In Strength, Generosity. The thought that France might now give De Gaulle

such power disconcerted official Washington and official London. They recall the alliance that De Gaulle bilaterally negotiated with Russia in 1943—unilaterally denounced by Russia in 1955—and wondered whether De Gaulle would attempt to deal bilaterally with Moscow once again. And though France is treaty-bound to NATO for the next eleven years, Washington remembers that De Gaulle once described NATO as "an American protectorate without even the benefit of efficient protection." Still suspicious of Germany, he is less of a European than France's recent Premiers. He would make France a difficult ally.

But on second Washington and Whitehall thought, a difficult but stable government (if De Gaulle could bring it off) might contribute more to the defenses of



JACQUES SOUSTELLE & GUARD
... for someone to light it.

the West than all the lip service paid to "Western unity" by all the weak Premiers of France in the past decade. It would be worth some dissension to have a French government capable of halting the steady diminution of Western prestige in Asia and Africa caused by the Algerian war.

Despite the fact that he draws much of his loudest support from the chauvinists who shout "Algeria is French," most of the men closest to De Gaulle are convinced that he would give independence to Algeria in one form or another. This is why Moslem leaders like Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba also call for De Gaulle's return. Paradoxically, even some of the noisiest proponents of a tough line in Algeria, such as Jacques Soustelle, believe that a France revitalized by De Gaulle could give Algeria some form of self-government inside a North African Federation related to France. "The strong," argues one ardent Gaullist, "can afford to be generous."

Though right-wingers make the most clamor for De Gaulle, it is significant that his appeal has always cut across

party lines (except among the Communists). When France's allies consider what direction France might now take, they would prefer most the continued existence of the present regime, if roused by the common peril it resolved its differences. Otherwise London and Washington would prefer a De Gaulle who took power constitutionally* to a popular front in which the Communists took part or a military rule responding to mob appeal.

The Tactic of Silence. As the supreme crisis of the Fourth Republic edged into its second week, almost everybody involved in the maneuvering seemed to be playing a dangerous forcing role with a skillful caution that left room for retreat. Premier Plimlin, gaining time with each day in office, was unflinching but not unyielding; he might have denounced the Algerian military junta for sedition but he chose instead to remind it of its duty. The junta itself preserved a careful ambiguity about the source of its authority. Unpredictable Zealot Jacques Soustelle, greeted by fervent admirers in Algiers, nonetheless cried out, "Long live the Republic!" and denied that he was preparing a *coup d'état*.

Of them all, none was more practiced than Charles de Gaulle in *la tactique du silence*. "Why speak," he had often confided, "if only to pronounce words without a tomorrow?"

For the moment, with emergency powers, Premier Plimlin appeared to have the majority of Deputies behind him, and there seemed little chance of the Assembly's calling De Gaulle on his own terms. But how stood the rest of France? The armed forces still stationed in metropolitan France were a question mark. Late in the week two air force generals serving on France's joint Chiefs of staff were placed under house arrest, and next day France's No. 1 soldier, General Paul Ely, chief of the joint chiefs, resigned in protest. The nation's 280,000 hard-bitten police, who constitute a virtual army in themselves, still seemed loyal to the Fourth Republic, Paris, ringed by its famed "Red belt" of industrial suburbs, was as apt to be dominated by leftist mobs, if it came to that, as by the rightist mobs that rioted in Algiers.

Unless the insurgents of Algiers were prepared to invade the mainland—which was unlikely—Plimlin's physical control of France itself still seemed assured. But if the army continued to be a law unto itself in Algeria, with the manifest approval of the population there, the situation might well spell the downfall of the republican regime. Keenly aware of this, Pierre Plimlin late last week sought to jog De Gaulle into disavowing the Algiers insurgents. He sent a personal envoy to Colombey-les-Deux-Églises to ask the trenchant questions originally posed in the Assembly by Socialist Guy Mollet:

"Do you, De Gaulle, recognize the present government as the only legal one? Do you disavow the promoters of the Com-

* Only custom, not the constitution, requires President Côté to send in an elected Deputy to form a government.

But when he got to the quiet house at Colombey—which had long since been placed under the polite surveillance of a platoon of gendarmes—Pflimlin's envoy had to content himself with assurances that the general would have another statement to make this week. The prudent housekeeper of Paris began to stock up on sugar, tinned milk and olive oil, ready for whatever might come.

Hesitant Insurrection

Once before, when the Frenchmen of Algiers were convinced that a government in Paris was ready to sell them out, they had put on such an ugly demonstration that a shaken Socialist Premier, Guy Mollet, pelted by tomatoes, had given up all plans for a liberal deal with Algeria's Moslems. Now, the Algerian *colon*s reasoned, another new French government threatened to be "soft" in Algeria and needed a scare. Some among the crowds that gathered in the streets of Algiers were not content to leave it that.

First, as a kind of warmup, on rabble-rousers' charges that the U.S. was plotting to turn Algeria over to the rebel F.L.N.* crowds broke down the doors of the USA offices on Rue Michelet and scattered books and periodicals in the street. Then, their ranks grown to 30,000, they jammed the main square for a ceremonial wreath-laying at the war memorial. General Raoul Salan, once commander in Indo-China and now commander in chief of the 500,000 French troops in Algeria, and tall, leathery General Jacques Massu, the paratroop commander, drove up to the war memorial. Shouting "We want Massu!" and "The army to power!", the crowd crushed around the generals' car, hemmed in the guard of honor and the band. Trucks with loudspeakers appeared at the edges of the square, and even during the solemn silence of the last post, magnified voices cried out: "Go to the Government General building and demonstrate your anger there!"

Mysterious Withdrawal. At the ceremony's end the crowd swept up the steps of the huge courtyard before the nine-story, glass-fronted Government General building, to be met by a charge of security police who, with clubs and tear gas, twice drove the crowd back. Only the students from the *lycees*, the young toughs in tight blue jeans and sweatshirts, a few ex-paratroopers still wearing their red, green or blue berets, seemed ready for another clash with police.

But suddenly the script was changed, and the security police mysteriously with-



drew. In a mood both exuberant and ugly, the young crowd swept forward again, seized an auto and used it as a battering ram to smash down the iron gates that barred their way. They went tumbling into the halls and corridors, raced up the stairs and rampaged through the 500 government offices. Armfuls of official papers fluttered down from smashed windows. A fully armed company of paratroopers stood idly by, joking with the rioters, accepting beer and sandwiches from ecstatic girls. All at once, there was a martial stir on a second-floor balcony draped with the French Tricolor. A loudspeaker proclaimed: "Silence! An important message from General Massu!"

"The Only Means." Massu's deep voice boomed across the crowded square, reading a message he had just wired to President Coty and to General de Gaulle.⁸ "We inform you that we have set up a Committee of Public Safety under the presidency of General Massu, owing to the seriousness of the situation and the need to maintain order and avoid bloodshed. The committee awaits with vigilance the formation of a Government of Public Safety—the only means of keeping Algeria an integral part of French territory."

By next day safety committees were in control of Constantine and Oran as well as

Algiers, but in Oran the civilian prefect had to be pitched bodily from his office. Yet Paris, and the new government of Premier Pierre Pflimlin, had not capitulated at the sound of General Massu's voice, and the paratrooper seemed uncertain what to do next. For one thing, Gaullist Strategist Jacques Soustelle had not arrived during the night, as expected by the thousands gathered at the airport. Sounding as if he feared that he might have gone too far, General Massu, a better fighter than politician, called a press conference to crawl back in off the limb. "The people on the balcony—who were perfect strangers to me," had told Massu that the crowd would turn nasty unless a committee of public safety was formed with him as head. "I thought for about 40 seconds and decided to accept. It seemed at the time that the only way of controlling the committee was to become a part of it." General Salan, who had officially approved the committee "as a link between the population and the army command, which will issue orders," appeared relieved to hear that Premier Pflimlin considered that "he was only doing his duty" in taking over power in Algeria.

Much the same note was struck by the civilian members of the committees of safety. Léon Delbecq, a shadowy lieutenant of the absent Soustelle, described the "three glorious days" of the military take-over as "the starting point of the renaissance of France, the restoration of her greatness." How, he demanded, could these actions be called a plot against the republic? "That is ridiculous. We are saving the republic!"

On the Balcony. Then Jacques Soustelle, longtime Governor General of Algeria, roared into Algiers aboard a Swiss-chartered Viking, after being smuggled out of Paris by hiding under valises in the back seat of a Simca and changing cars three times on his way to the Swiss border. The temper of Algiers changed notably. Once again the wide square before the battered Government General building filled up with screaming thousands, and loudspeakers blared the *Marseillaise*. Soustelle, burly, broad-shouldered, appeared on the balcony to a thunderous ovation that ceased only when he flung his hands high. In the dead silence that followed, Soustelle cried: "I choose freedom and fatherland all at once. I have no other ambition than to rebuild national unity on both shores of the Mediterranean. Long live Algeria! Long live France! Long live De Gaulle!" In a roaring answer that woke echoes of other cheering crowds, other balconies, the crowd chanted: "Soustelle! Soustelle! Soustelle!"

At week's end France and Algeria were separated by far more than the Mediterranean. Each moved with hesitant steps to dominate the other; leaders on both sides spoke in oblique and Aesopian language that could not be pinned down as either war, peace or compromise. Events were moving, and men moved with them, but not yet with clarity and vision. The republic could not put up with an Algeria that did not accept its authority. One or the other had to give.

* The U.S. is damned just as strongly by the Algerian rebel leaders on the grounds that it has furnished financial and military aid to France, knowing it would be used to fight the Algerians.

* Who read about it in the papers and said, "Now the system stops my mail. They have arrived at this. Oh, la, la!"



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RUSSIA

Oranges & Sour Apples

Winding up his 17-day tour of the Soviet Union, President Gamal Abdel Nasser flew back to Cairo to assume command of the spreading Arab nationalist violence in the Middle East. Before seeing him off in a Russian jet airliner, the dictator of the Moskva hailed the dictator of the Nile for his "bravery, understanding and fearlessness before the colonizers," and pledged "all the help you need from us" in uniting the Arab world. At a huge farewell meeting for Nasser in the Kremlin, Nikita Khrushchev also boasted that with the launching of the new 1½-ton Sputnik III (see SCIENCE), the Soviet Union had again "outstripped the U.S." Amid shouts of post-toasty laughter, he ridiculed the U.S. space satellites as *apeisniks*—orange-sized Sputniks. "By all the rules of arithmetic," he crowed, "we can see that they [the U.S.] will need a mighty big basket to hold enough of these oranges to equal our Sputnik III."

For his part, Nasser, plainly enjoying the Russian hospitality, and reportedly given a reduction of his arms debt to Russia as a going-away present, told Khrushchev that "only imperialist, hostile, false propaganda says you are arming and preparing for war."

LEBANON

Bloodletting

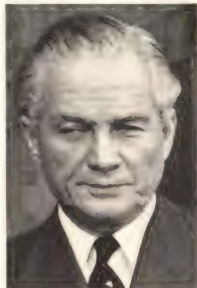
Outwardly the most stable of all Arab countries, prosperous and democratic little Lebanon (pop. 1,500,000) has been rocking for months on the rim of the Arab nationalist volcano. Last week all the pent-up flames of its religious feuds and political frustrations burst into the wildest and bloodiest rioting of Lebanon's twelve years of independence.

Little Lebanon, smaller than Connecticut, likes to think of itself as a Switzerland, peacefully balancing its internal factions, staying out of trouble and making money. Today, as in the time when the Phoenicians pushed their bireses seaward from Tyre and Sidon, the business of Lebanon remains business. Rich in universities, nightclubs, banks and commerce, Lebanon sought to sustain itself as officially half Christian and half Moslem, but it has found the delicate cultural, commercial and political balances increasingly harder under the thrusting forces of East-West rivalry and the Arab surge toward unity.

The Suez showdown drove silver-haired President Camille Chamoun, 57, a Maronite Roman Catholic, as Lebanon Presidents must traditionally be, to align Lebanon with the West, and later to accept the Eisenhower Doctrine. No sooner had he done so than Nasser flew into nearby Damascus to merge Syria into his new United Arab Republic and fire the

hearts of Lebanese Moslems to join in the same sort of positive neutrality. Moslem opposition leaders were alarmed at the way President Chamoun, who won a three-quarters majority in last year's parliamentary elections, now proposed to alter the constitution so that he might run for a second term when his six-year term expires next September.

"Crush the Despot!" Fortnight ago the pro-Nasser editor of the newspaper *Telegraph* (a man believed also to be a disciplined Communist) was assassinated outside his Beirut home. Who killed him? Nobody knew. Some suspected that he might have been murdered by the Communists themselves to create a martyr. The pro-Nasser National Front immediately called a general strike against the



CAMILLE CHAMOUN
A victory for nobody.

regime. "Crush the despot and save Lebanon!" cried chunky ex-Premier Saeb Salam.

Beirut was slow to rise. But in the northern Moslem stronghold of Tripoli, crowds poured from a mosque to pillage, smash and burn every unshuttered shop. Goaded by agitators, the mob gutted the U.S. Information Agency library; some seized a model of the Vanguard satellite from a desk and kicked it about the street in a grotesque soccer game. In the city's chief square, troops fired. Ten died.

"The people of Lebanon have risen as one man against imperialism," shrieked Nasser's Radio Damascus. Said Radio Moscow: "The Lebanese people have had enough of the American system." In Tripoli Communists and other underground forces won control of the mobs. Saboteurs blew up the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s pipeline to the Mediterranean, forcing the company to pump its oil through a branch line in Syria. At the Syrian border, customs guards stopped a suspiciously sagging Chevrolet sedan driven by Louis de San,

Belgian consul general in Damascus, and found 33 submachine guns, 37 pistols, a time bomb and 1,500 rounds of ammunition jam-packed in the trunk. De San, a millionaire eccentric who admitted making ten such trips in the last few weeks, was found to be carrying riot directions for persons in Beirut.

"O Shehab, Take Over!" Then barricades and fires erupted in Beirut itself. Beaten off by police at the U.S. embassy, a mob smashed another U.S. Information Agency library and—the invariable habit of Arab nationalist mobs these days—burned its books. Shirtsleeved young men with clubs ranged the streets looking for a fight. One gang of thugs incongruously cruised the avenues in a black Cadillac, stopping from time to time to order shopkeepers to close up.

When the government made a half-hearted effort to arrest Saeb Salam, his private army of 100 bullyboys drove cops back from his sandbagged mansion. Near the Syrian border, where avengers knifed to death the five customs guards who seized De San's guns, a Chamoun-hating Druse tribal leader named Kamal Jumblatt took to the field with an army of 2,000. Cried Beirut's *Al-Masa* (it was a comment on Lebanese freedom that opposition newspapers appeared uncensored all week): "O Chamoun, resign! O Shehab, take over!"

"We Are Determined." But through a week of rioting, President Chamoun held out against quitting, and Brigadier General Fuad Shehab, the arthritic professional officer who commands Lebanon's brigade-size army, rebuffed all hints to move in—or even get tough. Six years ago he had ended a crisis by taking over as Acting President when Chamoun's predecessor had to resign over charges of corruption. But Shehab now insisted: "I do not want to be known as the destroyer of Presidents," and because he refused to take responsibility, the government refrained all week from imposing martial law.

Foreign Minister Charles Malik sent a note to Cairo charging "massive interference" by Syrian and Palestinian infiltrators, including some 30 *Jedeyeen* raiders caught coasting up to Lebanon in small boats from the Gaza Strip. As the riots raged on, the U.S. Sixth Fleet stood into the eastern Mediterranean, a U.S. cargo ship fetched 14 Americans unscathed from battered Tripoli, and U.S. Air Force transports roared into Beirut with tear gas and small-arms ammunition. "We are determined to help this government maintain internal security," said U.S. Ambassador Robert McClintock.

At week's end more and more shopkeepers began raising their shutters, and in the countryside rival tribesmen took up arms to help fight the rebel Druses. The government, growing bolder, made so many arrests that movie houses had to be commandeered for auxiliary jails. Some 12,000 Syrians were transported to the border and dumped into Syria. But the Chamoun government, still unable to as-

* To calm the Premiers, who must be Sunni Moslems, Cabinet seats are divided proportionately among the six major religious groups.

sert authority in many places, had yet to round up any opposition leaders, and some observers began to say that the crisis might just peter out in victory for nobody, but at the cost of at least 150 lives so far.

COMMUNISTS

Comradely Dissension

Communist Dictator Tito, who cannot always be assured these days of being addressed as Comrade in Moscow last week motored to Vinca, south of Belgrade, to open the Communist world's first atomic reactor outside Russia. The donor: the Soviet Union. Tito was doing his best to show that, allowed to travel his separate road, his goal is still the same as Moscow's.

But Moscow, in its newly toughened attitude towards ideological dissension in the satellites, was dropping hints with the subtlety of a trip hammer that it might cancel a promised \$175 million Soviet credit for construction of an aluminum plant in Tito's Montenegro on the ground that Tito was also taking money from the U.S. This led Belgrade's party newspaper *Borba* to suggest that the Soviet Union "believes that it alone has the right to do business with the U.S.," and that it is now Moscow, not Washington, that puts strings on economic aid.

Looking on from afar, India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who was slow to express indignation about Soviet tanks in Hungary, read in the Yugoslav-Russian quarrel a lesson of Communist "interference in other countries' domestic affairs."

"In the last year or two much has happened in the Communist world," said Nehru. "Sometimes it is called liberalization, sometimes democratization, sometimes 'Let a hundred flowers bloom.' [Now] the flowers have become weeds to be pulled out . . ."

Increasingly concerned with Communist gains in his own country, Nehru is readier than he once was to discuss the defects of Communism. On another occasion last week he pointed out that Marxism had got its historical prophecy wrong, failing to foretell the prosperity of America. Sometimes it seems as if Neutralist Nehru, who likes to balance off two great world forces, has lately concluded that the U.S. has now become the underdog that needs a little defending.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Change of Heir

Sharp-eyed Britons, poring over copies of *Burke's Peerage* and *Debrett's*, noted an odd contradiction in the listing for Sir Robert Dillon, 44, eighth Baronet, of Lismullen in Ireland. *Burke's* indicated that Sir Robert was heirless, and his nearest blood relative was a spinster sister, Laura Maude Dillon, 43. *Debrett's* took a rosier view and bold-faced the name of a younger brother, Dr. Laurence Michael Dillon, to signify that he was the heir to the baronetcy.

Debrett's knew a secret. Its editor, C. F. Hankinson, had discovered an amended birth certificate that trans-



DR. LAURENCE MICHAEL DILLON
Different from other girls.

formed sister Laura Maude into brother Laurence Michael. Newsmen last week found the doctor himself at Philadelphia, aboard the British freighter, *City of Bath*, on which he serves as medical officer. Bearded, pipe-smoking Dr. Dillon explained that he was a victim of hypochondria, that he had sensed in his teens he was different from other girls, and that his voice "became deeper than a female's but higher than a male's" when he was 20. From 1945 to 1949 he underwent a series of operations to make him a more complete male. In 1951 Dr. Dillon published "A Study of Endocrinology and Ethics," a medical account of his own case, although he did not identify himself as the patient involved.

Was he the heir to the baronetcy? Of course he was, said Dr. Dillon, "although I did not expect my claim would be revealed until my brother's death." In Ireland Sir Robert said that Laurence might get the title, but little else, because "I can will my estate to whomever I choose." Then, quoting the Dillon ancestral motto, "Whilst I breathe I hope," Sir Robert added: "It is not yet too late for me to have a family." *Debrett's* Editor Hankinson believes there is no question that Dr. Dillon is the legal heir, announces firmly "I have always been of the opinion that a person has all rights and privileges of the sex that is, at a given moment, recognized."

ITALY

Out for the Big Win

As the Italian election campaign drew to a close this week, all eyes were on the little man with the big ambition. The little man: Amintore Fanfani, secretary-general and campaign manager of the Christian Democratic Party that has governed Italy since the war. The little man's big ambition: at 50, to become Premier of Italy. In pursuit of his dream, Fanfani

popped up last week on the cobblestones of Palermo, in the sunny piazzas of a dozen southern farm towns, in the shadows of Milan's cathedral, in the monarchist stronghold of Naples. Since campaign's start he had delivered 140 speeches, talked in melodious tones, with arms afloat, for more than 200 hours to crowds ranging from a few hundred to more than 50,000.

Behind him functioned the best political organization in Italy, much of it his own making. Inheriting the mantle of party leadership just before the death of Italy's great postwar statesman, Alcide De Gasperi, in 1954, Fanfani reorganized and rejuvenated the party from the ward level up. For this year's campaign—the first the party has had to fight without the magic name of De Gasperi—Fanfani organized 120,000 Christian Democratic militants into cells of three people each (one woman, one young man, one cell chief). Student organizations, trade-union groups, para-religious organizations of the Roman Catholic faithful knocked on doors, organized dances, showed documentary films depicting De Gasperi's life, the Hungarian revolt, and the economic progress made under Christian Democratic rule.

Confidence. But while everyone in Italy knew of Amintore Fanfani's ambition, Fanfani himself never once mentioned it. He appealed to crowds to "Vote for the Christian Democrats," never asked them to "Vote for Fanfani." Despite his organizing talent, the quick mind of a man who was formerly a professor of economics at Milan's Catholic University, and his years of ministerial experience in postwar governments, Fanfani has more enemies than friends among his own party's leadership.

His unquestioned devoutness is a target in a campaign marked by anticlerical attacks. His New-Dealish social program makes him unpalatable to conservative Christian Democrats. His all-out organizing methods antagonize the other democratic middle-road parties, whose support has been essential to Christian Democratic rule since 1953 (he lasted only twelve days in his one lunge at the premiership four years ago). A recent poll showed that not Fanfani, the party leader, but former Premier and now Foreign Minister Giuseppe Pella is the most popular Christian Democrat in Italy.

Control. In an Italy prosperous and generally content, the Christian Democrats were expected to lead next week's election returns, but not even Fanfani foresees a majority that would allow his party to rule alone. Under new election laws, the Christian Democrats must win almost a million more votes than in 1953 just to hold the 261 seats they now have in the Chamber of Deputies. They are in the awkward position of asking Italians to vote for a party that does not yet know whom it will nominate for Premier. Adone Zoli, the present caretaker Premier, has indicated that he will not take the job again, Fanfani would not want it if he had to form a coalition with more than one other center party; some more moderate Christian Democrat would probably become Premier. To gain his own big ambition, Fanfani has to count on a big win.

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THE HEMISPHERE



RIOTERS ON NIXON'S CARACAS ROUTE: HALF NEVER WENT TO SCHOOL

THE AMERICAS

The Guests of Venezuela

Over the rigid shoulders of a line of Venezuelan soldiers at Maiquetia Airport, streams of spittle arced through humid sunlight, splattered on the neatly pressed grey suit of the Vice President of the U.S. and on the red wool suit of his wife. But worse was in store: less than an hour later Dick and Pat Nixon brushed close to injury and possibly death in violence-torn streets of Caracas, last stop on their eight-nation visit to South America.

The mood of the airport crowd was set an hour before the Nixons' silver-and-white Air Force DC-6B touched down. A pack of 200 students, skillfully whipped up by older men, hoisted head sheets painted with the slogans of international Communism, blew rubber Bronx-cheer whistles and shouted, "Get out, Nixon!" When the good-will guests walked smiling down the plane's steps, *The Star-Spangled Banner* and a 21-gun salute were drowned in an ugly howl of hatred.

A Shower of Glass. The spitting began as the Nixons walked along the troop-lined red carpet toward their limousines. The band made a futile attempt to quiet the crowd by playing the Venezuelan national anthem; Pat Nixon shamed a hooting, teen-aged girl into silence by reaching over the guards' bayonets to take her hand. As the Nixons got into separate cars for the ten-mile superhighway trip up the coastal range to the capital, demonstrators tried to blind the drivers by draping banners over the windshields. Only when the mob was left behind did the

Nixons take out handkerchiefs to wipe the saliva from their faces and clothes.

In the thick traffic of the working-class suburb of Catia, the caravan slowed to a crawl, then halted. Several hundred rioters came running. They ripped the U.S. and Venezuelan flags from Nixon's car, pounded the doors with clubs, pipes, brass artillery-shell cases. Grapefruit-sized stones smashed against the safety glass until slivers began flying through the inside of the car. A shower of glass struck Nixon, one piece lodging in his temple near his right eye (it was easily removed).

Outside, the handful of escort police hung back. Brutally manhandled by vengeful mobs after the overthrow of Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez last January, they seemed afraid to tackle bloodthirsty civilians again. One U.S. Secret Service man threw himself across the back window of Nixon's car to protect it from stones and clubs. Others pulled at a stubborn student lying under the car's front wheels. The howling mob tried to overturn the car.

After twelve minutes' bitter combat, the limousine bucked ahead, bound for the tomb of Simón Bolívar, where Nixon was scheduled to lay a wreath. A block from the tomb the car suddenly veered off into a side street. Glancing through a shattered side window, Nixon could see a mob of 3,000 rioters, mostly high school students, waiting for him. (Days later, policemen found 400 Molotov cocktails cached in the basement of a nearby house.) The limousine sped off to the safety of the U.S. embassy residence.

An emergency phone call to Washington told President Eisenhower of the Nix-

ons' plight. Deeply concerned, the President ordered a military rescue operation (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). But before the troops were on the way, Venezuela's five-man junta had ringed the residence with 400 soldiers. Mobs were still roaming the streets, and the Nixons were virtual prisoners in the residence.

Sad Adios. Next afternoon Venezuelan forces cleared the route to the airport of all traffic, and a bulletproof limousine convoyed by six truckloads of armed troops swung through the city with Nixon safely inside. At the Vice President's feet lay two carbines and four bright red tear-gas bombs.

Only the junta, U.S. embassy officials and long lines of silent troops waited to see the Nixons off at the airport. At 5:00 p.m. the DC-6B flicked off the runway and turned north for Puerto Rico and U.S. soil. In Caracas the night before, Venezuela's Provisional President Rear Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, gloomily twirling a yellow pencil, had expressed his fervent regrets. "It is very sad," he murmured, "I shall never forget this thing all my life."

Why It Happened

Four hours after he reached Washington, Vice President Richard Nixon called to his Capitol office the newsmen who had traveled with him to Latin America and said: "The riots were a symptom. The real, basic question is why it happened."

There was surprisingly unanimous agreement throughout the hemisphere on one point: the Reds had exploited an already rotten situation. Said Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marín: "The Communists must have taken advantage of a feeling among certain groups well beyond the small number of Reds there are."

"You Cannot Be Loved." For some of the ill feeling that emerged there could be no remedy. The U.S. had grown to a position of world power similar to ancient Rome or 10th century Britain. Historically, strength excites fear and dislike. "You cannot be a basic power and be loved," said Ecuador's U.S.-educated ex-President Gala Plaza, with whom Nixon talked at length in Quito.

Another hate-building emotion that the U.S. cannot do much about is Latin American embarrassment over the political immaturity shown in the frequency of revolutions. Another is envy, and although the U.S. can help, it cannot bring the economic millennium full-blown to Latin American nations, raising their combined gross national product fourfold to the U.S. level.

Moreover, many noisy attacks on the U.S. are simply irrational. Nationalists denounce U.S. firms for "exploiting" the countries with investments, then charge that the U.S. hinders industrialization when its investors hold back. The U.S. was roundly condemned 13 years ago for intervening in Argentina when its ambassador criticized Dictator Juan Perón. is

today condemned for not having intervened against Venezuelan Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez.

But Nixon found out that anti-U.S. feeling is rooted in more than the emotional and the irrational. Since World War II, the U.S. has scored bad errors in policy, diplomacy and economic relations.

Dictator-Coddling & Neglect. The charge that most impressed Nixon is that the U.S. has let itself seem more and more the friend of hated dictators. Thrown in his face again and again were such questions as, "Why did Eisenhower give Pérez Jiménez the Legion of Merit? Why was that ruthless dictator admitted to the U.S. with such ease after he fell?" Nixon concluded that his unhappy reception in Caracas was a direct result of "ten years of dictatorship" associated in the public mind with the U.S.

Nixon also found poor performance in Latin American diplomacy—what Latinos call "blah-blah" Pan-Americanism. The Presidents' Conference in Panama in 1956, sponsored and attended by President Eisenhower, is scorned as "just a gesture" by U.S. friends such as Galo Plaza, except for Communist crises—the Red threat to Guatemala—Secretary of State Dulles is virtually inaccessible to hemisphere diplomats for serious discussions. He is criticized for staying at the 1954 Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas just long enough to jam through an anti-Communist resolution, and fly home, leaving the question of economic relations dear to the hearts of the other delegations, to be handled by subordinates.

Dulles says: "Never before in history has the U.S. paid as much attention to its Latin American relations." As evidence, he cited his practice during world crises of personally briefing the Latin American representatives on developments. But with something close to unanimity, Latin Americans look back with nostalgia to the first years of Franklin Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy when U.S. isolationism from the rest of the world made an exception of the hemisphere.

Economic Strains. Economically, the U.S. is under fire in Latin America as heedless, preachy and discriminating. Like it or not, the U.S. is involved in improving the lot of a people half of whom never slept in a bed, never had enough to eat, never went to school. To this revolution of expectations, the U.S. contributed the vision—the good life seen in American movies and magazines—and is expected to help realize it. Galo Plaza recalled last week that "in the small shop at my farm near Quito 15 years ago, the staples sold to the Indians were brown sugar, salt and local cigarettes. Today the Indians want and can buy mineral water, Bromo-Seltzer, Lucky Strikes, aspirin and Coca-Cola."

The revolution needs capital—and Latin America feels shortchanged as compared to European and Asian countries, some of them former enemies. Of total U.S. aid and loans, Europe received \$18.8 billion, Asia \$4.3 billion, Latin America

\$2.0 billion. Of the \$3.6 billion voted by the House last week, Latin America got just \$100 million. In 1957 straight loans to Latin America by the Export-Import Bank, chief U.S. lending agency to the area, were only a little more than half the 1953 figure.

For the last few years the U.S. has replied to such appeals mainly by urging the virtues of the free-market economy. From the Latin American view this amounts to hypocrisy: the U.S. maintains artificial levels for its own farm commodities by price supports at home and dumping surpluses abroad. And free-market fluctuations can nearly wreck such one-product economies (see BUSINESS) as that of Chile (copper), Peru (lead and zinc), Brazil and Colombia (coffee). Moreover, the prices of the manufactures Latin America buys from the U.S. stay high.

The U.S. also appears preachy in its doctrinaire insistence that Latin American countries make private foreign capital more welcome. The Latinos think they have as much right to operate a mixed economy, combining public and private capital, as the U.S. or Canada. Says Brazilian Editor Hernane Tavares de Sá: "You make loans for railroads, for docks, for industry. Why can't you make a loan to our government oil company? Can't you understand we want to exploit our oil ourselves? To everybody in Brazil, it looks like oil companies are dictating your Government policy."

As a lightning rod for a sudden series of bolts of discontent, Nixon's tour served a useful purpose, although the purpose was ironically different from the "good will" that was its original goal. His ordeal showed that international Communists had invaded the hemisphere with a vengeance and were capable of precise, cold-war operations in South America. It also showed that they were capable of spitting on a woman, an act that would cost them heavily in a continent that prizes manners. Latin Americans got a lesson in the

excesses of nationalism. And for the U.S., there could no longer be illusions, complacency or high-level brushoff in U.S.-Latin American relations.

This week in Venezuela, in the wake of the Red-led anti-Nixon riots, Communism turned into a full-blown political issue. Reflecting the outrage of the Roman Catholic Church and other conservative factions, the two civilian members of the ruling junta—Industrialist Eugenio Mendoza and Civil Engineer Blas Lambert—demanded enforcement of Venezuela's anti-Red law to curb the burgeoning Communist Party. The three military members, reflecting the unrealistic tolerance of all major politicians, refused. Mendoza and Lambert quit, bringing on a tense political crisis.

BRAZIL

The Dry Whip

"We had nothing to eat but cactus, and after five days my mother said she could not go on," recalled Ernesto da Silva, 17, sitting in a rocky field in the drought-burned eastern state of Pernambuco. "She was a widow but not old. She lay down by the road and told me to go. A man gave me 40¢ for a day's work. I bought food and hurried back to my mother, but when I got there she was dead."

Through rolling backlands in the five states that form Brazil's eastern bulge, crops of beans, corn and sugar cane were dead; 2,000,000 people gnawed cactus, dug holes in dry river beds for water or joined a dogged, starving march to the sea. The *fagelo da seca*, the dry whip that lashes the bulge country on the average of once a decade, was in its third month of fury. Some 370,000 *fagelados* (whipped ones) supported themselves and their families on relief wages of 10¢ a day—half the food allowance of a Brazilian army horse.

Busy Gravedigger. As the refugees fled to greener lands, they buried their dead

NIXON'S CAR UNDER ATTACK. HALF NEVER HAD ENOUGH TO EAT





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PARCHED COTTON FIELD IN PARAÍBA
After cactus for food, funerals for 46.

along the way, piling stones to keep off animals and topping the graves with crude wooden crosses. "We are working hard," said a gravedigger in the parched town of Juazeiro do Norte, where funerals can be bought for 4c. "We have twelve children to bury every day. It used to be one or two." Health officials estimated that in the worst drought areas half of all children under a year old would die.

President Juscelino Kubitschek has shipped in 7,000 tons of food and 10,000 tons more is en route. But corruption is commonplace among the local relief agencies that give out the supplies. In one town political bosses pocketed a flat 25% from each man's 30c. In other areas the government farmed out relief projects to private contractors who paid off *flagelados* in unwanted goods, e.g., hair oil, then bought it back at half price.

Scandal in Rio. The scandal reached all the way back to Rio. Politically ambitious Finance Minister José Maria Alkmin announced a special government advance of \$6,000 to afflicted towns—and gave that amount to every municipality in his own green state of Minas Gerais. In Rio Grande do Norte, Carlos Caldas, who has been in charge of building a long-range irrigation project for the past two years, confessed that \$1,000,000 had been looted and said part of it had gone for payoffs to a Senator and two Deputies in Kubitschek's own party.

Though he apparently cannot stop corruption, Kubitschek has made his relief effort an all-out try. The government has appropriated \$15 million and plans to add another \$30 million, or a total of 5% of the budget. This will keep most of the *flagelados* alive until December. If the drought follows its historic pattern, the first crops will then begin to bloom; the refugees will trek back and enjoy a few fat years until the hot, dry wind starts up again.

CANADA

End of the Fireman

Steve Brady said to his black greasy fireman

"Just shovel on a little more coal,
And when we cross that White Oak
Mountain

You can watch Old 97 roll!"

—The Wreck of the Old 97

When hand-stoked coal drove Old 97 down that mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville, the brawny fireman was as essential as the engineer himself. Sweating, he swung the heavy scoop between the clanking tender and the hellish firebox, pausing only rarely to rest his arm on the ledge of the left-hand window. But Old 97 and almost all the other steam locomotives have given way on U.S. and Canadian railroads to unsung diesels.

Last week in Canada, the firemen gave way too. After a bitter, two-year struggle—regarded as a test case for all North American railroads—the giant, 17,000-mile Canadian Pacific Railway Co. finally wrested an admission from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers that a fireman has no useful function on an oil-fired diesel locomotive. To establish the principle, the C.P.R. proposed to remove firemen from yard and freight diesels. Arguing passionately that the fireman was vital as a safety lookout, the union last week tried to shut down the C.P.R. with a strike watched in dismay as their fellow rail workers coolly crossed picket lines and kept the trains running on time. After three days, the firemen blew a whistle on the strike. The ailing U.S. railroads (*see BUSINESS*), which in 1956 withdrew a demand for the right to drop firemen so that the battle could be fought out in Canada, may be expected to follow C.P.R.'s lead when the union contract runs out on Oct. 31, 1959.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At Westminster College, Missouri, where **Sir Winston Churchill** in 1946 focused the thoughts and fears of the world into a memorable phrase—"Iron Curtain"—the Old Warrior's cousin, Irish Critic **Sir Shane Leslie**, passed on a few newsy nubbles about his famed relative: "You know, his father never thought that Winston had the brains for college. Winston got his education as a subaltern in the campaigns of the India frontier. He took with him to India three books. Macaulay's *Essays*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and a work by the Irish historian Lecky. When he returned, he was still in his early twenties, but he had received a liberal education from the study of these volumes. And when he was married, he read Carlyle's *French Revolution* to his bride at night until dawn broke in the sky."

Warming up verbally for his new, one-year job as consultant on poetry in English to the Library of Congress, old (84) Poet **Robert Frost** cosily offered his chipper views on the universe: "I've waged a lover's quarrel with the world ever since I felt old enough to woo it with dash. I was stodgy only when I was young. I never dared to be radical for fear it would make me conservative when I was old. God seems to me to be something which wants us to win. In tennis. Or poetry. Or marriage. I'm like a modern car in religious matters. I may look convertible, but I'm a hardtop."

Tanned, handsome Antarctic Explorer **Vivian Fuchs** arrived in London with his 19-man team at Waterloo Station, where



VIVIAN FUCHS & WIFE
Sword on his shoulder.

Keystone

he lit up a convivial pipe for photographers, who caught his wife Joyce in a mood that suggested he ought to change his tobacco. Later, "Bunny" Fuchs and his company dropped in on Buckingham Palace, where Queen Elizabeth knighted him (for leading the group on a 2,000-mile trek across the frozen continent), presented medals to his men.

Surrounded by Russian souvenirs, including a 6-ft. lilac bush, mop-topped Pianist **Van Cliburn**, 23, fresh from victory in Moscow's International Tchaikovsky Competition, flew into New York to clasp his happy parents with bear hugs, gab about his Russian hosts ("They're very much like Texans"), shake hands with fans (among them, one seven-year-old who rapturously referred to him as

"Moving Van"), and settle down for a concert tour. Next day Van was back at Idlewild airport to embrace a new buddy, Soviet Conductor **Kiril Kondrashin**, who will direct orchestras for Van in New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

While litigious, blonde **Bobo Rockefeller** was asked to cough up \$2,547.92, awarded a Manhattan decorator in a suit over some unpaid bills, her cowpokin' ex-husband **Winthrop** augmented the family coffers by \$171,000. At an auction on his Arkansas farm, attended by some 4,000 cattle lovers, Millionaire **Winnie** disposed of 39 prize Santa Gertrudis cows and bulls at an average price of \$4,380 per head.

Her nerves admittedly on the frayed side, onetime Actress **June Gale**, wife of pouting Pianist **Oscar Levant** (see LETTERS), ended a little quarrel with hubby on a pointed note: she kicked him in the ribs. Grimacing more than usual, Oscar fingered his way through a guest shot on the NBC-TV *The Fisher-Gobel Show*, then got his doctor's verdict: a fractured rib. Later, he made everything clear: "I was merely a spectator and a recipient. I threw the fight. She just pushed me. Sort of emotional pingpong. I behaved in the passive-resistance way like Gandhi, except my loincloth was longer." Scoffed June: "That pitiful rib. If it's broken, it must have had a head start."

A young but steady hand at union problems, Massachusetts' Senator **John Kennedy** described to a clothing-workers' convention the troubles of his own shop, the Senate: "We have a guaranteed annual wage for six years—but we have no job security, no pay for overtime, no unemployment compensation and no assurance that our contract will be renewed. I am not certain what union has jurisdiction over our shop—possibly we should belong to the U.S.T.F.A.—the United Stemwinders and Tub Thumpers of America."

In proof that even competing opera divas can bury the hatchet, Met Soprano **Renata Tebaldi**, who has not sung at Milan's La Scala since 1955, told the Italian magazine *Oggi* that she would not think of going back there if the opera fires her old rival, terrible-tempered **Maria Meneghini Callas**. Added Renata sweetly: "My return to the Milan theater would assume a controversial meaning. It is not my habit to sing against anyone."

To straighten things out with Soviet Premier **Nikita Khrushchev**, Democratic Reliable **Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt** suggested a pair of Fair-Dealing favorites: Lawyer **Adlai Stevenson** ("the historical knowledge and the quickness that are needed") and Auto Union Boss **Walter Reuther** ("toughness and acceptance of new ideas"). To no one's surprise, Columnist **Roosevelt** added that **Dwight Eisenhower** and **John Foster Dulles** "lack some of the qualities" needed to handle the "ruthless, very clever and very, very slick" Russian leader.



VAN CLIBURN & PARENTS
Lilacs in his luggage.

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Hot pursuit takes cool skill in this African Ostrich Chase

1. "Nothing else on 2 legs can run like an African ostrich," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Ostriches are now raised for their valuable plumes, but they still run wild in Tanganyika's big-game country. Professional game catchers capture them for zoos. One old pro, John Taylor, invited me to join him last month. 'Nothing to it,' he'd said, but that ostrich led us a 50 mph chase across plains booby-trapped with anthills."



2. "Watch out for his legs," Taylor yelled as we struggled to hold the big bird after an hour-long pursuit. An ostrich, I learned, can kick like a wild horse. But once we had blindfolded him, our quarry was gentle as a lamb.



3. "'Fits fine," said Taylor when the ostrich was in a shipping box. If he'd been too big we couldn't have kept him. In the zoo market, our fine-feathered friend would fetch \$500. Even the native who had ridden the bouncing hoot of Taylor's Land Rover was pleased.



4. "I'd eaten a lot of dust by the time we got back to Arusha. The tall, cool highball at Safari House couldn't have been more welcome: it was Canadian Club!"

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MUSIC



ABBEY LINCOLN
"I must have that man!"

Topic A

The most torrid new torchbearers in that old nightclub marathon are a couple of tawny, husky-voiced singers named Sallie Blair and Abbey Lincoln. Both have a captivating, come-hither way with a song, and the sinuous good looks that make audiences pay attention from ringside clear back to the chromium bar stools. In Manhattan and Detroit last week, Sallie, 24, and Abbey, 27, were peddling Topic A with a gusto that few singers have displayed since Dorothy Dandridge and Eartha Kitt startled giving night classes in it for the tavern trade.

Sallie belts them out in the magenta-walled midtown Manhattan convention hall known as the Latin Quarter. In a white gown with red lining, she steps before the gold-spangled curtain and gives a wild-riding reading of *Witchcraft*, her pelvis bumping out the rhythm, her copper-haired hair whipping over her face. Her big-bodied voice can flare to an exuberant shout or sink away to a foggy, muted-trumpet whisper. Occasionally, as she sweeps her almond eyes over the ringside tables, she lets flutter a throaty, tongue-trilling sound that suggests nothing so much as the invitation of an amorous cobra. Within the framework of *That Old Black Magic* she sings a medley of songs—*Hold Him, Joe*; *Matilda*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*—intersperses them with barefooted, hip-shaking dances. In her finale, she strips to fringed pantaloons and wriggles about the stage in a dance that starts the drummer shouting ("Don't stop now, Sallie, don't stop now!") and the audience stomping and banging out the rhythm.

Abbey is less flamboyant, depends on an occasional shimmy of her spangled hips or

a body-shaping gesture of her hands to prime her audience for her blues-tinted ballads—*You Do Something to Me*, *Pools*, *Rush In*, *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain't Good*. In Detroit's Flame Show Bar, she appears sleekly encased in a bare-shouldered black dress, throws her head back, and through pouting lips floats out her sad, sexy lyrics in a voice smoky with longing. Her timing and enunciation are precise. Usually she plays the elegant if slightly shopworn lady, but sometimes she drops that role to launch into a gusty celebration of the simple trials of being a woman: "Like an oven that's crying for heat. He treats me awful each time we meet. But I must have that man."

Both Abbey and Sallie would some day like to fill out their careers with acting roles in the movies or on television. But in the meantime, they plan to go on pushing Topic A with unfettered enthusiasm. Says Abbey demurely: "I like the idea of men. I dig men." Says Sallie of one of her current crushes: "He's cute as a button; he's one of those people you want to walk up to and say—O.K."

Goodbye, Little Caesar

In Chicago one day last week, James Caesar Petrillo, 66, called in the press. He scurried nimbly behind the gleaming 8-ft. walnut desk ("the biggest damn desk I could find at Marshall Field's"), flung himself down in the swivel chair and surveyed the crowded office with snapping blue eyes. "You gotta fight like hell to get up," he said, "then it's goddam tough to get out."

After 18 years as president of the Amer-



JAMES C. PETRILLO
"I'm tired."



SALLIE BLAIR
"Don't stop now!"

ican Federation of Musicians, the heavy-jowled Little (5 ft. 6 in.) Caesar of U.S. music had decided to call it quits. "I don't want to get out," he said, "but I'm tired." He added that he would stay on in his \$26,000-a-year job as president of Chicago's Local 10 until he can get his half-pension (\$10,000 a year) from the A.F.M. next year. Union officials began pleading with him to stay on longer.

Calling the Tune. The son of a Chicago sewer digger, Petrillo went into the union business' fulltime at 23 after he had failed to make an earning go of playing the trumpet ("If there was 14 trumpets in the band I was the 14th trumpet"). When he hit the top, he called the tune; nobody, from Liberace to Rubinstein, it turned out, could play an instrument for pay in the U.S. without his consent. "What's the difference," he demanded, "between Heifetz and a fiddler in a tavern?" Once he decided to give a concert honoring Chicago Mayor Ed Kelly for political favors, and "suggested" to 23 bandleaders, including Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, Tommy Dorsey and Kay Kyser, that they bring their orchestras to Chicago at their own expense. They all came, and with them the orchestras of three national radio networks.

While gleefully making enemies, all of Caesar's gall was lavished on a stubborn fight for the rights of musicians against mechanization. He fathered the union contract that requires network stations to hire a quota of "live" musicians whether they ever tinkle a note or not. In 1951 he removed one major obstacle to the release of old films to TV by approving the project, provided that the studios (1) rescored the films (i.e., started from scratch with union musicians) and (2) paid 1% of TV profits into the Music Performance Trust Fund. He scored his biggest victory



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over canned music in 1942 when he pulled his musicians out of all the nation's recording studios and demanded that they get a royalty on every record sold. The record companies held out for 27 months, and President Franklin Roosevelt made a personal plea to Petrillo. But Jimmy stuck to his guns, wangled a contract that last year brought the musicians' fund about \$5.5 million from recordings.

What's Featherbedding? Last week Petrillo was his old peppery self. "You know," he said, "music salaries have gone up at least 200% since I became president [of Local 10] in 1923. I remember I played from 8 to 3 on Saturday night in the Belmont ballroom. Five bucks. Now you'd get 20. But what we're looking for is work. If the salary is \$300 a week and no one is working, that don't mean a thing to me." Did he approve of featherbedding? He snorted. "What is featherbedding? We have a rule you have to have 15 men at a banquet at the Palmer House. Say they want twelve. We have the right to make a minimum, just like they got a right to say they just want twelve."

Would he pose with his trumpet? "I'll pose with it," said Petrillo. "but I won't touch the mouthpiece. These goddam germs." (His phobia against germs is so strong that he will only touch pinkies when introduced; legend has it that in his long career he has shaken hands with only two people: Harry Truman and Celeste Holm.) Suddenly, he's tired of the questions. "I wish you guys would get the hell out of here so I could get a bottle of beer." Then he looked at the trumpet lying on the desk. Said Little Caesar: "Good thing I don't have to go back to that trumpet, boy."

Envoy from The Bronx

The musical conquest of Moscow, launched by a pianist from Texas, was consolidated last week by a baritone from The Bronx. As Van Cliburn flew home to a hero's welcome in Manhattan (see PEOPLE), the Metropolitan Opera's Old Pro Leonard Warren, 47, breezed into Moscow and gave audiences at the Bolshoi Theater a chance to hear the resonant, mahogany-hued voice and the sweeping dramatic power that have made him one of grand opera's top baritones.

Warren appeared with the Bolshoi Theater Company in the title role of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, a part that he has made his own at the Met. Several of the Russian singers (who sang in Russian while Warren sang in Italian) came close to matching Warren in acting ability, but when he opened up his big voice, he dominated the stage. After his Act II aria, *Cortigiani vil razza*, reported the New York Times's Howard Taubman, the Russians stopped the show with a spontaneous outburst. At the final curtain, they gave him a standing ovation. Warren is scheduled to appear in recitals in Leningrad, to do *Rigoletto* in Kiev, and to sing Iago in *Otello* in Riga. He has already left a lasting memento of his visit: the Russians have copied the sheet music of one of his most popular recital numbers: *Colorado Trail*.

SCIENCE

Fusion Not Yet

Controlled nuclear fusion may be farther away than had been hoped. Last week Dr. B.F.J. Schotland, director of Britain's Atomic Energy Research Establishment, announced that the neutrons emitted from the famous ZETA fusion apparatus (TIME, Feb. 3) did not come from fusion of heavy hydrogen atoms at uniform high temperature. As the U.S.'s Atomic Energy Commission had indicated, they were apparently a result of collisions of high-velocity atoms with low-velocity ones. Experts in fusion techniques do not class this action as real thermonuclear fusion.

1958 Delta

Since the unseen fiery deaths of Sputniks I and II, the edge of space near the earth had belonged to three small U.S. satellites, playing like baby bluesfish in an ocean. Last week the Russians launched a shark: a cone-shaped satellite weighing 2,025 lbs., not counting the empty rocket casing on a separate orbit.

The orbiting mass of Sputnik III (official name: 1958 Delta) may not be more than dog-carrying Sputnik II, which remained attached to its rocket. The Russians gave the weight of Sputnik II's payload as 1,120 lbs., but the whole assembly, including the rocket, was about 84 ft.

long, and U.S. scientists believe that it may have weighed 7,000 lbs. Sputnik III is probably as heavy all told, but may not be heavier.

The Russians had not told the thrust of the first-stage rockets that tossed their Sputniks off the earth, and U.S. authorities do not agree about this detail. Major General John B. Medaris, the Army's missile chief, says that the booster of Sputnik III would need 500,000 lbs. of thrust. Dr. Herbert York, chief scientist of the Defense Department's Advance Research Projects Agency, thinks that as little as 200,000 lbs. might be enough. German-born Dr. Walter R. Dornberger, of Bell Aircraft Corp., compromises for 400,000 lbs. This is not far above the thrust (360,000 lbs.) of the Air Force's still unproven Atlas and Titan missiles.

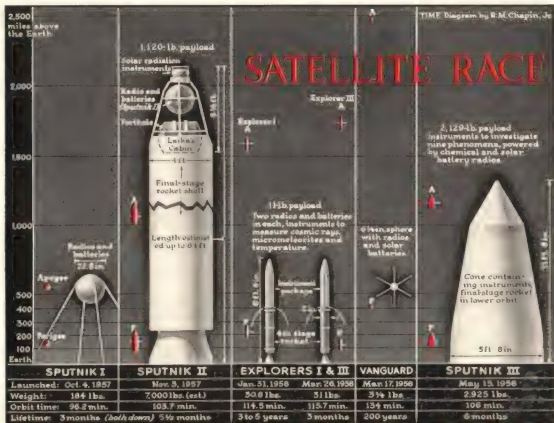
No Organism. For an unexplained reason, the Russians did not announce Sputnik III until it had been on orbit 14 to 16 hours, long enough to make eight circuits around the earth. When they did start talking, they gave a good deal of information. Sputnik III carries no man, dog or other experimental organism, and it is not designed to return to earth. Writing in *Pravda*, Academician L. I. Sedov said that it could have carried a man, but "such an experiment would be premature." Professor Evgeny Fedorov,

an official spokesman, said that Sputnik III had been launched with "customary chemical fuels," not with atomic energy, and the launching technique was about the same as with the earlier Sputniks.

Sputnik III, said Fedorov, is an automatic space-borne laboratory capable of making observations of many kinds. Its instruments, which account for 2,129 lbs. of its weight, are "considerably improved" over those of the earlier Sputniks. They are mainly in three groups. One group observes conditions in the earth's atmosphere, including composition, pressure, ionization, electrical phenomena and the earth's magnetic field. Another observes nonearthly phenomena, such as cosmic rays, meteorites and solar radiation.

The third group of instruments serves the first two groups, regulating temperature, turning apparatus on and off at the proper times and transmitting data to earth. Like its predecessors, Sputnik III transmits on two frequencies, 20,005 and 40,002 megacycles. It has chemical batteries and also solar batteries like the U.S. Vanguard satellite.

The new satellite is circling the earth at an angle of 65° to the plane of the equator, which carries it over most of the earth's inhabited territory. Its apogee (high point) is about 1,170 miles above the earth. The Russians did not give the perigee (low point), but Dr. Fedorov predicted that the satellite would live longer than Sputnik II, which orbited for 5½



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months before plunging into the lower atmosphere and burning out. Since length of life depends largely on the height of the perigee, this indicates that Sputnik III keeps farther away from the earth than its predecessors did. The U.S. Air Force's radar telescope at Westford, Mass. got a good fix and estimated that its perigee is about 150 miles above the surface.

Dit Dah Dit Dit. Soon after the Russian announcement, Sputnik III was seen in various parts of the earth, its carrier rocket preceding it by several hundred miles and tumbling over and over on a six-second cycle. The radio broadcasts came through loud and clear, sounding like the letter "L" in international code (*dit dah dit dit*). The signal varies in several ways, showing the passage of coded information over the satellite's nine telemeter channels.

After duly admiring the Russian achievement of putting on orbit an automatic laboratory as heavy as a Studebaker, U.S. satellite experts began to wonder why the great weight was necessary. Some experts believe that the Russians are not so good at making light-weight electronic instruments as they are at shooting rockets into space. They may need more weight for both the instruments and their power supply. Other experts point out that the Russians may not have mentioned all the equipment on Sputnik III. There is plenty of weight-carrying capacity for a TV camera to watch the earth below.

To Prevent Excursions

Early nuclear reactors were easy to slip down. If one of them made what physicists euphemistically call an "excursion"—i.e., started to react too fast—it could be slowed down by pushing into it a simple rod of neutron-absorbing material. Control rods are still used, but the operators of big modern reactors dare not depend on them alone. Under some conditions, the fierce nuclear fire in the reactor's core can make a disastrous excursion in a fraction of a second.

In *Nucleonics*, Dr. Norman Earl Huston and Norman Carl Miller of North American Aviation, Inc. tell about quick-acting safety devices to prevent such calamities. They do not think much of gadgets that require a power source or an electrical "scram" signal to tell them the reactor is about to misbehave. Either power or signal might fail.

A really dependable safety device, say Huston and Miller, should tell on its own when the reactor is starting an excursion. The best way to trigger its action is to combine a pad of material containing uranium with a layer of high-melting solder. When the neutrons in the reactor rise above a critical level, showing that an excursion has started, the uranium fissions at a rate that creates enough heat to melt the solder. Then high-pressure gas will shoot neutron-absorbing poison into the reactor. Even if other controls have failed, this last-ditch nuclear fire extinguisher will keep the reactor from exploding or melting itself into radioactive slag.



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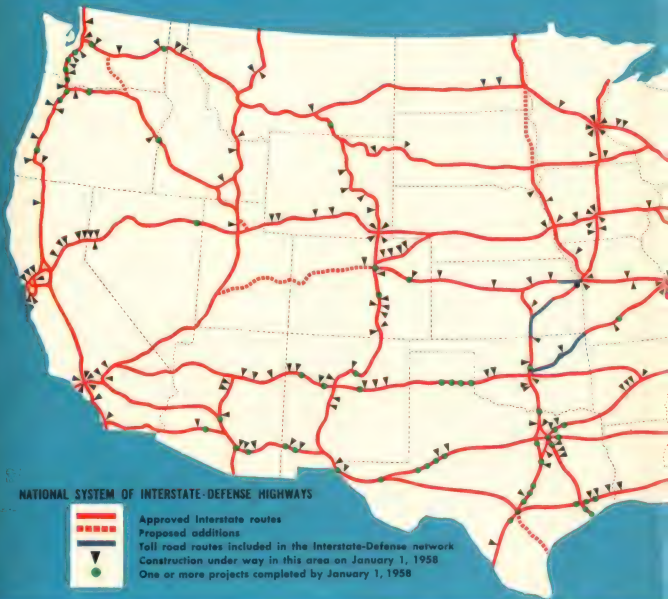
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And by the end of March, 1958, the states had completed a total of 1,404 miles of construction. In addition, they had 2,400 miles of construction under way.

A good start. But take a look at the map again.

Most of the red lines are still *untouched* stretches in a grand total of 41,000 miles to be completed. And remember, even these 41,000 miles are only *part* of our highway needs. In addition to Interstate-Defense Highways, this country's over-all road program must include many thousands of miles of other vital state and county roads, as well as urban road projects.

The more black "daggers" that appear on the map, the more prosperity there will be for all of us. An estimated 900,000 people will soon be employed, directly or indirectly, by Federal-aid highway construction.

YOU CAN HELP. Remember, when finished, the Interstate System alone will reduce this nation's traffic toll by a million accidents and will save 4,000 lives every year. One of these might be yours.

So for the safety, comfort and economy of your family, support the far-sighted road building program in your state. Good roads benefit everybody... it's everybody's job to see that we get them. Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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Old Taylor 86 is milder, but of the same quality—lightest *full-flavored* bourbon you can buy.

Each is the finest bourbon of its kind.

Straight from
KENTUCKY
a truly American whiskey

OLD TAYLOR

"The Noblest Bourbon of Them All"



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND • 86 PROOF • THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY. • DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the *Manchester Guardian*:

NO NEWS TODAY
FROM ICELAND

Stones, Spit & Sorocho

On the eve of the Caracas riot, Vice President Nixon was chatting casually with *TIME-LIFE* Correspondent Don Wilson about the rumors of an assassination. "You look a little bit like me," joked Nixon. "Tell you what—you ride in my place in the limousine, and I'll put on a press badge and go with the press. What do you say?"

As it turned out, the U.S. newsmen accompanying Nixon faced dangers of their own when the Caracas mobs started to swarm the next day. At the Maiquetia Airport, the newsmen got their share of the mob's spittle from 200 shouting high school students waiting for Nixon. Knowing that more trouble was coming, Wilson and six other newsmen scorned the closed cars assigned them, chose instead to ride with the photographers in an open-topped truck that directly preceded Nixon's car.

Open Targets. From their truck the newsmen were the first to spot the rioters in the working class suburb of Catia sprinting to the attack with clubs and rocks (see *THE HEMISPHERE*). Unprotected, the newsmen could do little but crouch low as the screaming mob swept around their truck and Nixon's car, a bare 12 ft. away. But so intent were the attackers on Nixon that they overlooked open targets on the truck, and the hail of rocks flashed harmlessly by.

The press had not escaped so easily in Colombia and Peru. In Bogotá, the photographers' truck was showered with stones, bottles, electric-light fixtures, leaflets, and even U.S. coins—thrown apparently as a gesture of contempt for "dollar diplomacy." In Lima, at the gates of San Marcos University, three newsmen were hit by stones as they crowded up to catch Nixon's replies to the mob, and the press, like Nixon, got a shower of spittle on the trip back to the Gran Hotel Bolívar.

Incongruously, the working press on this stormy tour included Jinx Falkenburg, who had signed on for what looked like a pleasant chance to get some fresh material for her TV show *Tex and Jinx*. Slim and elegant, fitted out with nine hats, nine dresses and 40 lbs. of makeup gear, Jinx was recognized nearly as promptly as Nixon. In Caracas, a mob even stopped chanting "Nixon, go home!" to roar her a greeting. But Jinx turned out to be a help to her fellow newsmen. Offered the protection of a room in the U.S. embassy in Caracas, she cheerfully filled in the reporters on details of the Nixons' day inside the embassy.

Biggest Beat. An ordeal less dangerous than stoning but more exhausting came at La Paz, Bolivia, where the 11,900-ft.

altitude gave the newsmen *sorocho*—high-altitude sickness. Forced to run through crowds to keep up with Nixon, most came down with splitting headaches and failing memories. Hardest hit was Associated Press Photographer Henry Griffin, 46, who had to take deep draughts from a heavy oxygen tank he toted on his back. Cracked Griffin: "Let's get off this hill—I want to die breathing."

Down from the hill, Photographer Griffin set up the biggest beat of the tour after recording the Caracas attack from the photographers' truck. Unable to char-

sult: a classic example of the big-business press junket that plies the newsmen with free food, drink, travel and entertainment in exchange for his weary-eyed presence at trumped-up events ranging from the re-enactment of the ride of Paul Revere (American Airlines) to a "bake out" in Paris (Pillsbury Mills).

"Beverage of Peace." In U.S. journalism the junket has become an institution ranking somewhere between the Christmas office party and the free pass to the ball game. In earlier times, newsmen were expected to pay for the hospitality with stories on the sponsored event—the opening of a new hotel or service, the dedication of this, the initiation of that. Lately,



NIXON (UPPER RIGHT), NEWSMEN & MOBS AT MAIQUETIA AIRPORT

Some wanted to die breathing.

ter a private plane, he got his film aboard a Pan American flight to Port of Spain, Trinidad. By fortunate happenstance, a Radiophoto transmitter had been installed there only last month for Princess Margaret's visit. Griffin's pictures were moving out from New York by 2 a.m. the following day, a good nine hours ahead of rival United Press.

But as a group, the U.S. photographers had one major failure. In all the time spent moving through showers of spittle, apparently none got a picture of a man spitting.

Barrel of Fun

The story was preposterous. To promote the brewing of its 100 millionth barrel of beer, Pabst flew a delegation back to the tiny German village of Mettenheim, birthplace and first malting grounds of Company Founder Jacob Best. The idea, chuckled a frank Pabstman last week, was "blatantly commercial."

Even so, Pabst had no trouble getting the press to go along with the story. In fact, 63 newsmen went all the way to Mettenheim and back on the trip. Re-

sult: the sponsor is content if reporters go home thinking warmly of his product.

Right from the start, the Pabst junket was as hopped-up as enterprising public relations men could make it. In Milwaukee, before boarding the plane, newsmen walked on a red carpet into the Pabst plant to watch Wisconsin's Governor Vernon Thomson bung the golden 100 millionth barrel of beer. "We had to delay production two months to make sure the golden barrel did not get away from us," cracked a Pabst man. At lunch the party blinked at the deadpan declaration of Pabst President Harris Perlstein: "This golden barrel is the golden symbol of peace we can all cherish—beer has always been the beverage of peace."

The 27-hour plane trip to Frankfurt nearly finished the newsmen before the fun began. Grumbled City Editor John McMullan of the *Miami Herald*: "It's insane to go all this distance for a beer." But the newsmen rallied to go out on the town, happily gawked at bare-breasted strippers, encountered flocks of B-girls ("Darling, ees eet hokay eef I have anoder veeskie?"), and learned to down the

YOU'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!



Here's the Pump Room's plumed coffee boy who proudly serves you at Chicago's Ambassador Hotels and at Toronto's Lord Simcoe. To connoisseurs everywhere, he is the symbol of the superb cuisine and hospitality you will find at every Imperial Hotel . . . in Chicago, Ottawa, and Toronto. You'll enjoy it in every tender aged steak served in the Sherman's famous Porterhouse restaurant. Imperial Hotels are distinguished by excellence in dining pleasure, punctilious service, and beautifully appointed suites and rooms. Come and see for yourself!



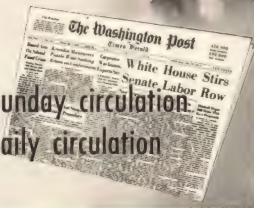
Imperial Hotels

CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR

CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

in the nation's capital
one newspaper has won
255 awards for
journalistic performance
including
6 Pulitzer
prizes

430,000 Sunday circulation
390,000 daily circulation



whisky bamby: a \$5 wallop of orange and pineapple juice built around a big dollop of Scotch.

Down the Bunghole? The grind of pleasure never let up for the next two days. In Mettenheim for the presentation of the golden barrel, the newsmen blearily watched a maypole dance, listened to a glockenspiel band, and sipped beer. When the local burghers clapped at a speech by the U.S. consul general, one Pabst man said incredulously: "For God's sake, these people are taking us seriously."

When it was all over, only City Editor Harvey Schwandner of the Milwaukee Journal had bothered to send any copy out of Germany. But Pabst, which has dropped in sales from first to eighth among U.S. brewers since 1949 (TIME, April 14), was convinced that the junket's tab of \$60,000 was not money down the bunghole. "It's less than we'd pay for a two-page ad in a big national magazine, and worth a helluva lot more," said one Pabstman. "Reporters are influential people regardless of how many stories they don't write. What the hell, they can dine out on this weekend all year."

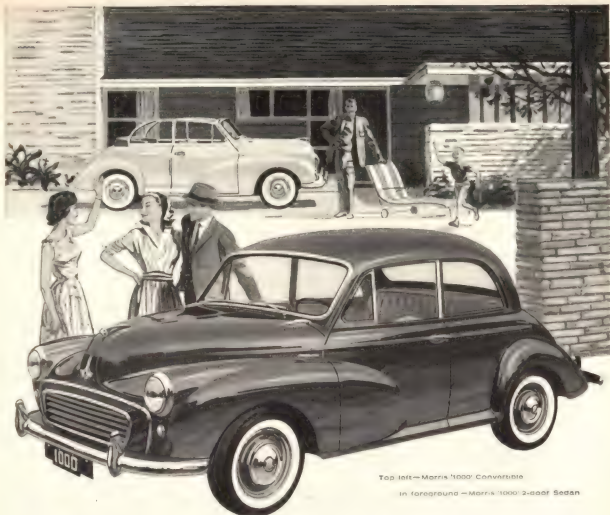
Some junkets can serve a useful purpose. The armed forces fly reporters to see new installations or observe special tests and exercises. The recent junket organized by Belgium provided a firsthand look at Belgium and the Brussels World's Fair for a great many U.S. reporters who otherwise would have known only what they read in publicity handouts: it paid off legitimately, both for the sponsors and the newsmen, in stories on what the Fair had to offer.

But most junkets serve little purpose, produce no news, and leave many conscientious reporters feeling guilty of ingratitude if they do not file stories, and like bought men if they do.

High Price of Virtue

In Publisher Robert Harrison's hassle with California's attorney general last fall, his sister magazines *Whisper* and *Confidential* were fined \$10,000 for conspiring to publish obscenity, and he agreed to tidy up his flamboyant formula of smut-and-smear. Off the boudoir-bordello beat, Harrison started in February to put out a chastened *Confidential*, which explored such safe subjects as the Negro vote and electrocardiographs.

Newsstand sales of *Confidential*, once pegged at 3,600,000, went from bed to worse, were down to around 1,000,000 this week when Harrison announced he was chucking the whole business. The price? "Just say that it was enough," sighed Harrison, who is still beset by libel suits totaling \$28 million. The new owners: a syndicate headed by cocky Hy Steirman, 36, who claims, "I've edited 1,000 second-rate magazines." Steirman announced plans to slip his new properties some pep pills. "The new *Confidential* won't look under beds, but it won't avoid a hot story either. Harrison had a home-made atomic cannon, but he just aimed it at one spot—Hollywood. There are other places—Madison Avenue, for instance."



Top left—Morris '1000' Convertible

In foreground—Morris '1000' 2-door Sedan

Setting the pace for the Joneses!

Today the new Morris '1000' is creating more and more excitement among smart, economy-minded neighbors all over America.

This frisky little family car delivers 40 miles per gallon (less than a penny a mile for gas)! And it's absolutely tops for roadability, comfort and ease of handling either in heavy traffic or on the open road. Nationwide service . . . 12 months' warranty on parts.

Make a date with your Morris dealer for a test-drive today!

THE NEW
MORRIS

'1000'

Your BIGGEST small car buy!

Represented in the United States by

hambro AUTOMOTIVE CORPORATION • 27 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York

A product of The British Motor Corporation, Ltd. • Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.

TIME, MAY 26, 1958



RESERVED FOR

An incredible 31 million births in wartime and postwar U.S.A. will soon account for millions upon millions of new family formations. Demand for new homes in the next decade will result in a staggering increase in the use of Redwood, plywood and other forest products.

Indices of Georgia-Pacific's capacity to meet this unprecedented demand: ownership of one of America's largest

stands of high-quality timber, including one of the world's largest Redwood reserves... operation of the most integrated production facilities in the forest products industry... and pursuit of Research and Development programs to supply a never-ending stream of new products.

For "The Georgia-Pacific Story" write Georgia-Pacific Corporation, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



View In Georgia-Pacific's hundreds of thousands of acres of prime timberlands.

GEORGIA-PACIFIC

for history's most spectacular housing boom

Georgia-Pacific ownership of
standing timber: (approximate)

1951: 1 BILLION FEET
1954: 4 BILLION FEET
1958: 12 BILLION FEET



GEORGIA-PACIFIC
CORPORATION

PULP & PAPER • LUMBER & HANDBOARD • ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF PLYWOOD & REDWOOD

TELEVISION & RADIO



For shipping fruits



or boots



or parachutes

The better way is Santa Fe

Chicago, Arizona, California! Chicago . . . Texas! ONE railroad all the way! Call the nearest Santa Fe Traffic Office and have the longest railroad in the United States go to work for you.



Springtime in the Rockies

In Denver, which somehow supports 70 strenuously competitive radio stations, it takes a major uproar to attract the listeners' undivided attention. Last week the uproar was being provided by a self-styled boy genius named Don Burden and his newly bought radio station KMYR. Burden, a lively pitchman of 29 who owns two other stations, made his pitch by announcing a \$50,000 "Treasure Hunt." The old scheme has seldom been so doughtily exploited. College boys plastered downtown store windows with promotional stickers, annoying merchants so much that KMYR ran a newspaper ad apologizing. The first hints as to where the loot was buried were totally worth-

of lawsuits from angry property owners.

Apparently well content with this harvest of ill will, Don Burden moved ahead with his next gimmick: a "Lucky Phone Number" contest with genuine Shetland ponies as prizes. Crowded Burden: "I'm going to rock this market like it's never been rocked before."

The Snoopers

They are on the side of justice, but not always of the law. Some are rough and tough, others are ingenious and devious. Though there are no rating toppers among them, TV's private sleuths have as hard-core a group of addicts as a Bangkok opium den. Their perverse charm lies, often as not, in their bland amorality: there is no nonsense about fair play, the



PRIVATE SLEUTHS LAWFORD, LOVEJOY & JANSSEN
From high misdemeanors, neck-chops and knee uppercuts, TV justice.

less. Sample: "Fifty grand is much money, forsooth/Don't waste your time in a telephone booth!"

Fortnight ago the contest went into a finale that surprised even Burden. At a minute past midnight of Sunday, May 11, the value of the prize was to plunge to a piddling \$1,000. Suddenly the clues grew tantalizingly specific, zeroed in on a fast-developing Denver suburb in Jefferson County. A weekend mob of some 25,000 people converged on the area, besieged it round the clock. The treasure hunters climbed trees, trampled new lawns, rummaged through garbage cans, shined flashlights into bedrooms, invaded homes to use toilets, even sealed a householder's roof to case his chimney. Moaned one property owner: "It was like being in an African ant pile. There were so many of them it wouldn't have done any good to kill one." Other get-rich-quick hopefuls delved beneath the gravestones in a local cemetery, pulled up surveyors' stakes in a newly laid-out subdivision.

Midnight came and passed with nothing discovered. Two days later a resident of the suburb, acting on an impulse, unearthed the treasure between two telephone poles at a depth of three inches. Hurrying to claim his \$1,000, he arrived at the station in the midst of a swarm

Marquis of Queensberry rules, or the letter of the law. Their most common offenses: simple assault, breaking and entering, petty larceny. The most conspicuous sleuth programs:

The Adventures of McGraw (Tues. 9 p.m., E.D.T., NBC). To the honky-tonk strains of *One for My Baby*, McGraw (he has no first name, is played by Frank Lovejoy) loose-jointedly saunters into view, occasionally raking his sinewy fingers through his crew-cut hair. Badmen usually underestimate McGraw, but all women smile seductively at him. He hits it off fine with most cops, who overlook his occasional infractions in the line of duty. The most human of all TV's hireling snoopers, McGraw has sometimes mistaken a crook's pocketed finger for a gun, has dived prudently for cover when a real equalizer was pulled on him.

Richard Diamond (Thurs. 8 p.m., E.D.T., CBS). Very much a Diamond in the rough, "Rick" brawls with as much zest as McGraw, has got his quota of lumps when outnumbered by thugs in ambush. A smooth, handsome bruiser with dark curly hair, Diamond (David Janssen) can incapacitate an enemy for hours with his trick judo neck-chop, also has a vicious knee uppercut that comes close to decapitating downed adversaries. Dia-



Box Seat Behind Home Plate ... with Mallory Mercury Batteries

Wherever your vacation pleasure may take you, a world of news, entertainment and pleasure can go along—in today's pocket-size transistor radios powered by tiny, dependable Mallory Mercury Batteries.

LISTENING to the baseball game beside your favorite fishing stream is just one example of how today's compact transistor radios add to your enjoyment. Helping make their tiny size and high performance most practical is the "teaming up" of the transistor and unique Mallory Mercury Batteries.

Product of pioneering Mallory research, these amazing mercury batteries compress into miniature size all the performance of larger, conventional batteries—and more. Unlike ordinary dry cells, they show little loss of power when not in use... give steadier output... last far longer. In addition to eliminating the nuisance of frequent battery changes, they bring out the best in transistor performance.

At work in a variety of applications, from nearly-invisible hearing aids to guided missile control equipment, these versatile, dependable batteries are part of a complete family of battery systems developed by Mallory for personal, commercial and military uses. They are constantly finding new applications that bring increased convenience... improved performance.

This is but one development in the continuing stream of modern contributions from Mallory—the company at home in tomorrow—serving the nation's growth industries with precision products and broad experience in the dynamic fields of electronics, electrochemistry and specialized metallurgy.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Electromechanical • Resistors, Switches, Tuning Devices, Vibrators
Electrochemical • Capacitors, Mercury and Zinc-Carbon Batteries
Metallurgical • Contacts, Special Metals, Welding Materials

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 4, INDIANA

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Signatures Of Success

To the informed ad trade, apples—and ads that sock you in the eye—bring to mind the name of Leo Burnett, chairman of the Chicago agency bearing his name, and one of the industry's most colorful and indefatigable Greats.

The apples on the desk are an agency trademark put there to throw back into their teeth the taunts of skeptics who predicted that Burnett would soon be selling apples in the street, when the agency started during the depression 23 years ago. But the ads that sock you in the eye (and Burnett considers TV commercials ads) are what has helped to make and keep clients for this agency that is now the largest west of New York.



LEO BURNETT:

Getting through to the public.

Relating To People

Burnett's advertising philosophy is a basic one. He believes that advertising must relate a product meaningfully to the flesh and blood lives of the greatest number of people.

"The involvement factor" is what Leo Burnett calls it. "Because although an agency service today has to carry a product all the way through the marketing process—advertising is still essentially communicating with the public by understanding the public."

The Challenge

"Advertising is still the most promising business in America," says Burnett. "Its role: selling the productive output of this country as products go through more and more concentrated channels. This is a challenge. But it's a job truly creative advertising can do!"

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness

mond's most amazing talent is his ability to keep his fedora on, no matter how violent the battle. His worst quality seems to be his flagrant affection for fat fees—a penchant that his fellow sleuths seldom flaunt so openly.

The Thin Man (Fri. 9:30 p.m., E.D.T., NBC). Though his own private eye is often trained on blondes, Nick Charles (Peter Lawford) has a pert wife named Nora (Phyllis Kirk) to whom he is professedly faithful, and a wire-haired terrier named Asta who is faithful to him. Genteel and wryly suave, Nick seldom tangles physically with the blackmailers, assassins and sundry evildoers whom he ferrets out with one hand while reaching for a martini with the other. He rarely finishes a drink during the half-hour program, giving the impression that he is a frustrated alcoholic.

Perry Mason (Sat. 7:30 p.m., E.D.T., CBS). Erle Stanley Gardner's famed lawyer-sleuth (Raymond Burr) is constantly embroiled in the best-plotted intricacies of TV's mystery shelf. His worst enemy is no crook but District Attorney Hamilton Berger (William Talman), whose battling average against Mason's brilliant courtroom tactics is .000. His closest pals are a private detective (William Hopper) and an even more private secretary (Barbara Hale), whom Mason keeps late at the office and takes with him on business trips. A true gentleman, Mason has no stomach for rough stuff, but even he is not above breaking the law (e.g., unlawful entry) in a client's interest. Lawyer Mason draws the line at committing felonies, counts on the D.A.'s being stupid enough to miss catching him in misdemeanors.

Overall, TV's McGraws and Diamonds seem to suggest that 1) any citizen would be stupid to leave an important matter to the police, and 2) a little misdemeanor can be a good thing if applied in a good cause. But to many an average man, pinned down by small restraints and his own timidity, they have the ancient appeal of the rugged outlaw serving the ends of justice—Robin Hood in a slouch hat. At any rate, the networks are now prospecting for other do-it-yourself sleuths, of whom the most promising seems to be *The Private Eye*—a gorgeous female, trained in jujitsu, who will take on all comers in the cause of justice and higher ratings.

Offstage Voice

The most pervasive voice in radio or television belongs neither to Bing Crosby nor Perry Como, but to a pretty, twinkly, auburn-haired girl named Gloria Wood. Blessed with a four-octave range and a gift for mimicry, Gloria can sing high or low, squeaky or sweet, on demand and to order. And he demand for such special talents is tremendous. In just the past three years, Gloria has recorded for more than 2,000 singing commercials. All day, every day, she warbles as the Schlitz Beer girl ("You'll be the kiss of the hops in every glass"), as the Scotttissue girl, the Santa Fe Railroad's Indian boy ("Santa Fe, all the way"). She is the voice of the



Gloria Wood

VOCALIST GLORIA WOOD
Invisibility with a mink lining.

impish Tinker Bell orbiting around a jar of Peter Pan peanut butter, of Walt Disney's Minnie Mouse, and (on records) of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. One firm planned a commercial featuring an eight-year-old boy, a nine-year-old girl, their mother and grandmother. Gloria did all four characters.

Gloria gets paid every time a network commercial is repeated, makes almost \$150,000 a year (equaling TV's Jack Paar), lives in Beverly Hills and drives a 1958 Lincoln Continental Mark III. With her four-octave range, which she claims matches the eerie range of Peruvian Vocal Acrobat Yma Sumac, she can take off from low C below middle C and soar to C above high C. But this endowment also drives Gloria to despair: nobody wants to hear her sing straight.

Her mother, a pop singer on Boston radio back in the mid-'20s, thrust Gloria into big-band singing straight out of high school in 1941. Gloria did solid hitches with Horace Heidt and Kay Kyser, in 1953 made a Capitol record called *Hey Bells* (its only words), which sold nearly 1,000,000 copies. The movies have called on her to provide the voice of many a nonsinging star. She sang for Marilyn Monroe in *River of No Return*, for Vera-Ellen in *White Christmas*.

Trying to escape her mink-lined fate as an offstage voice, Gloria has just recorded a new Columbia album, appeared last week on Art Linkletter's House Party, when she sang (through electronic ingenuity) all four parts of a quartet accompanying herself. "I like making money," she admits. "But I'd like to be known for all the things I've done. Nobody knows Gloria Wood."



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B. E. U. gives you a sound new method of keeping your top-notch employees with your company. We developed **Better Employee Understanding** of group benefits out of long research and experience because the need for it was real and great. **B. E. U.** is ours alone. can be yours if you write to us: Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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Today's  steels
lighten your work . . .

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Flavor at your finger tips. You can fix party snacks or a fit-for-the-boss dinner in *half* the time—thanks to the delicious foods that now come in work-saving cans. A vast variety of foods today are packed in cans made of special USS steels—steels which bring the foods to your table mouth-watering perfect!



Time for fun. Hundreds of different steels produced by U. S. Steel not only lighten your work but also free you to enjoy such happy pursuits as growing the Golden Rapture Rose above. And for *all* your gardening, there are a host of sturdy, efficient tools made of USS steels that will help you have a greener thumb.

widen your world . . .



Wherever you go in this widening, wonderful world of ours, USS steels are smoothing the way, making the trip faster, safer and easier. Even the new heart-quickenings highways that tempt you to travel have backbones of steel. To sustain the nation's \$100-billion road-building program during the next 15 years will require an ever-increasing amount of this marvelous metal—and U. S. Steel, as always, will play a major role in supplying the steel that will be needed.



This mark tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

 **United States Steel**

TRADE MARK

Pathways for Atomic Power



CONTROL
Puts Power
To Work



*Man's use of power
is always restricted by two economic considerations:
First, the areas in which power may be produced
are limited by the cost of obtaining the fuel required.
Second, the areas over which power may be put to work
are limited by the cost of transmitting the power
from the source to its point of use.*

Atomic power offers mankind the first promise of escape from drudgery *everywhere* on the face of the earth. Now so much power can be developed from so little fuel that the cost of transporting fuel disappears as a limitation on the areas where power may be produced. But even atomic power is without purpose until it is delivered economically to many points of use. This means that atomic power will reach its users in the form of electricity . . . that the new age of atomic power will be a great new era of electric power. Cutler-Hammer experience and equipment will be in ever wider demand as the use of electric power increases. Only **control** puts power to work!

CUTLER-HAMMER

Cutler-Hammer Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Offices in all principal cities
Export: Cutler-Hammer International, C.A. Associate: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd.

RELIGION

Sex & the Seventh

Can a little mining town in Ontario find happiness with a continental pastor who has advanced ideas? Last week Cobalt (pop. 2,400) was all riled up about Pastor Helmuth Ludwig Wiprecht and the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Pastor Wiprecht, 26, who was born in Germany and polished at Heidelberg after schooling in the U.S. and Canada, divides his time between the Cobalt United Church and the public school, where he teaches religion. When his seventh-grade pupils came to the seventh of the Ten Commandments this spring, Pastor Wiprecht wrote three questions on the blackboard, told the children to copy them and take them home to their parents. The questions: 1) How does a baby start growing? 2) What does the term sex relations mean? 3) How much should I know about the biological side of sex?

Two days later the school board notified him that he was suspended. Helmuth Wiprecht hit the roof, where many of the children's parents had preceded him. "I don't see how any teaching can explain the meaning of the Seventh Commandment without reference to sex," he exploded. "You might as well try to explain about fishing without using the word fish." When the board complained that he was dealing with a controversial subject, he countered that "if some people are against adultery, and it is controversial, then some people must be in favor of it."

The Canadian press and radio picked up the scent, and all Cobalt began getting into the act. "The man's an ass—a typical Prussian," growled Druggist Frederick Shaw. "What would happen if everybody came out and said just what they thought, like he does?" Last week Pastor Wiprecht defended himself before the school board, was reinstated on condition that he teach religion without mentioning sex. "If I am not to be allowed to teach the Seventh Commandment," he said, "I shall have to quit. And how I shall do that without using the word sex, I don't know—but I'll worry about that later."

The Zen Priest

Amid the chanting of sutras, the sound of gongs and the curling smoke of burning incense, Chief Abbot Oda Sesso was ordaining a head priest for the Zen Buddhist temple of Daitokuji Ryosen-An in Kyoto, Japan. The new Zen priest gravely accepted the *kesa*—the richly brocaded red-and-gold silk scarf that is the mark of the priesthood—and assumed the Buddhist name of Jyokei. But in Chicago, where she was born 65 years ago, her name was Ruth Fuller. Last week she became the first American in history to be admitted to the Japanese Buddhist priesthood and installed as head priest of a Japanese temple.

A child of rich parents, Ruth grew up in an atmosphere of private schools. Stutz

Bearcats and trips to Europe. She studied Sanskrit at the University of Chicago, and grew interested in Buddhism after her family doctor lent her a book on the subject. By the time she was in her early 20s she had decided that "Christianity fell far short of what I expected from religion."

How to Do It. Married to a wealthy Chicago lawyer, she dug deeper into Buddhism, decided that what she wanted was enlightenment, and the way to enlightenment was meditation. "But to find out



RUTH FULLER SASAKI
Buddho is three pounds of flax.

how to practice meditation in America was an impossibility." On a trip to China and Japan in 1930, she and her husband met Zen Master Dr. Daisetz Suzuki, and Ruth asked him how one went about learning to meditate. "If you can come back to Japan and study for some time," he said, "perhaps you can find out."

She did. In 1932 she stayed for six months; the next year she went back and put in a full year's study at Kyoto's Nanzenji Temple. Each day she rose at 5 a.m. to meditate for two hours before breakfast, then went to the temple to meditate from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., with a few minutes off for a meager lunch. After supper at home she would return to the temple for meditation with the monks until 9:30 at night, then return home, take a bath and meditate until bedtime, around midnight. In 1934, after her husband died, she married Dr. Shigetatsu Sasaki, a Japanese Zen *roshi* (teacher) whom she had met in New York City; she was widowed a second time in 1945.

Some of a Zen pupil's meditation is

devoted to *koans*—short problems without logical solutions, set by the individual's Zen master and designed to wrench the mind free of ordinary thinking. (Sample *koan*: "A monk asked, 'Who is Buddha?' The master answered, 'Three pounds of flax.'") Other meditation is devoted to breath control, plus a kind of concentration on nothingness and what Ruth Sasaki describes as "handling one's mind."

Her eyes flash when she says: "It's not easy to become a Zen Buddhist. I can sit in a monk's hall for seven days, sitting cross-legged, sleeping only one hour a night. I can sit 18 or 24 hours cross-legged, meditating. I can also enjoy a glass of champagne, the opera, a good car—I like a fast car, even though I don't drive any more. One of the things we learn in Zen is complete adaptability."

The Cult Phase. With Dr. Sasaki she worked at Manhattan's First Zen Institute of America. In 1950 Ruth Sasaki returned to Kyoto, where she rented a small house built for a retired *roshi* on the site of what had been the Ryosen-An branch of the Daitokuji Temple. Ample provided with funds from her first husband's estate, she remodeled and enlarged the house to provide a center and library for U.S. students of Zen. She ran into an unexpected obstacle when the Daitokuji Temple insisted that the new center be designated as the restored sub-temple of Daitokuji. The solution, proposed by the Abbot of Daitokuji to a flabbergasted Ruth Fuller Sasaki: ordain her as Buddhist priest and install her as head of the sub-temple.

Since last summer, Ruth Sasaki has been holding regular classes in Zen for half a dozen pupils from 7 to 9 each night, aided by an English-speaking Japanese priest and Walter Novick, a onetime student at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music who has been studying Zen in Kyoto since 1950.

Scores of Americans and Europeans call on Ruth Sasaki each month. But, says she, "the majority of them are faddists or just curious, and Zen is not for them. In the Western world Zen seems to be going through the cult phase. Zen is not a cult. The problem with Western people is that they want to believe in something and at the same time they want something easy. Zen is a lifetime work of self-discipline and study. Its practice destroys the individual self. The ego is, as it were, dissolved into a great ego—so great that you take your place in it as each cell in your body takes its place or performs as it is called upon to do. The result is a oneness with nature and the universe."

Hagoth's Children

New Zealand's Protestant churches rallied last week against invaders: the proselytizing Mormons of Salt Lake City. Among the South Pacific's Polynesians, the Mormons keep scoring remarkable gains, have almost tripled their members (80% Maoris) in New Zealand to 17,000 in the last 30 years. They drew a crowd of 112,000 to a newly opened \$8,000,000 church college and gleaming white temple, and this week set up the first Mormon "stake"—a sort of diocese—outside North



CROW'S





NEST

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GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION
Bethpage • Long Island • New York

TIME, MAY 26, 1958

America and Hawaii. Protestants charged the Mormons with "pouring in money." Cried an official Presbyterian statement: "They go from door to door infiltrating and trying to make converts. They are only interested in sheep stealing."

The Mormons reply that the sheep are simply returning to their proper fold after centuries astray. Their missionaries find an ancient kinship with the Pacific's brown-skinned peoples in a passage from the *Book of Mormon*, which Founder Joseph Smith produced as revelation in upstate New York in 1820. In Smith's history of the first inhabitants of America, some of the white-skinned, "delight-some" members of the Israelite tribe of Lehi grow quarrelsome and sinful after arriving in America from Israel. Result: they turn dark-skinned and "loathsome," thereby producing the American Indians. A patriarch named Hagoth builds a boat, sails away into the Pacific and is never heard of again. Many Mormons presume that Hagoth's descendants are today's Pacific islanders.

Though the church gives no official interpretation of the Hagoth legend, it has served Mormon missionaries from Hawaii to New Zealand to give thousands of natives hope that they may once again become "white and delightsome." According to New Zealand Mormon President Ariel S. Ballif, the way is simple: "As they take up the righteous way of living, they become more attractive and acceptable to white people and lose their dark skin [by intermarriage]."

Apart from Hagoth, Maoris and Mormons seem to mesh because both once practiced plural marriage. Even more important, white Mormons have carefully learned the Maori language, fostered their art and culture. New Zealand's National Council of Churches has flatly rejected the Mormons as members: "Their conception of God is anthropomorphic. To them he is really a glorified man." But New Zealand's Anglicans at least were ready to take a lesson from how the Mormons are "sheep stealing" among the Maoris. Questioning whether they have really made Maoris feel at home in their churches, the Anglicans were thinking of borrowing some of "the devotion and self-sacrifice of these heretical missionaries."

Billy in San Quentin

Crusading in San Francisco. Evangelist Billy Graham last week preached to 4,000 inmates of San Quentin prison sprawled on the baseball diamond under a hot sun. Said Billy: "We all sit spiritually right now on death's row unless our sins are forgiven. But we can get a full pardon from Christ." Promptly 647 convicts stepped up to "declare for Christ," making a record percentage for the Graham crusades. "I haven't any more time," pleaded Billy after autographing 25 pledge cards. "Oh, we've got lots of time," cried the signature-seeking cons. Suggested Billy: "Let some of the fellows who have autographs copy them for you." Cracked a prisoner: "That's what we're in here for, Brother Billy."

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MEDICINE

OUTWARD BOUND

In the nose cone of a three-stage rocket, a man lies on his back with his knees drawn up, waiting for the explosion that will thrust him into space. Blast-off. The roar searles him; intense vibration courses through his shackled, layer-enveloped body. He is hurtling into the inky empyrean where the sun's rays give no light, where there is no such thing as height, where there is no up and no down—where, if he drops his guard for an instant, the irresistible forces of the cosmos will destroy him.

The drag of gravity forces (far more powerful than the earth's) from the rocket's acceleration piles up a crushing impact on the spaceman, whose normal weight—say 150 lbs.—multiplies to three-quarters of a ton. (On the outer skin of his capsule, hurtling away from earth at 25,000 m.p.h., the friction of the atmosphere generates temperatures up to 1,600°F. Beyond the atmosphere, the outside temperature drops to -454°F.—close to absolute zero—and gone is the atmospheric pressure that keeps man's organs from exploding like a blood bomb.

From the heavens around, above and below—blue-black except for the myriad brilliant pinpoints of nontwinkling stars, the glow of the mist-shrouded earth and the hard white disk of the sun—invisible, cosmic radiation particles pierce the space capsule and riddle the pilot—harmfully or harmlessly, who knows? By then the space traveler is weightless—an unearthly state in which he may do himself injury with normal movements of his own muscles. He cannot smoke because of fire and explosion hazards; the cabin pressure is so low that he cannot even whistle to keep up his courage. Yet he needs courage of a very special kind. As great a menace as any lies in his own mind: a degree of isolation unknown to earth dwellers strains at the bounds of his sanity.

HOW soon man will come to grips with these challenges of space, no one yet knows. It may be within a couple of years. Last week's newly launched Sputnik III (see SCIENCE) was big enough to hold a human passenger but, as the Russians admitted, nobody is sure that a spaceman can re-enter the earth's atmosphere safely and get home alive. While rocketeers, engineers and physiologists work on that, the job of equipping man to survive and function in a space world never made for him is the specialty of space medicine. The space medics are at work on a major scale at four U.S. Air Force and four U.S. Navy installations, with special chores assigned to widely scattered civilian researchers in factories and laboratories.

Amazingly ingenious on its scientific side, this new branch of

Peter Marquis



SPACE MEDIC SIMONS: NONE SO CLOSE SO LONG

medicine is still an art calling for the exercise of vast imagination. A natural outgrowth of conventional aviation medicine, it got a rocket boost from Major General Harry G. Armstrong (TIME, Oct. 11, 1954), onetime surgeon general of the Air Force. Its intellectual father is Dr. Hubertus Strughold, German-born physiologist who began flights of fancy into space in the 1920s, came to the U.S. in 1947, was named last March as the world's first professor of space medicine, in the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Air Force Base, Texas. A tough question facing the first space medics was whether man could withstand the enormous accelerations (g forces) required to get him into orbit or beyond; the yes came from Air Medic John Paul Stapp (TIME, Sept. 12, 1955) in heroic experiments, with himself as guinea pig, on rocket-driven sleds.

Bring 'Em Back Alive. Now space medics of a new generation are beginning to blast off into wider orbits. These younger men have actually clawed at the threshold of space. None has been so close to it for so long as a tall, balding Air Force medic, Lieut. Colonel David Goodman Simons, 35, who spent five hours at 102,000 ft. during the Manhigh II balloon ascent from Crosby, Minn. last year (TIME, Sept. 21).^{*} Now successor to Stapp as director of the Aeromedical Field Laboratory at Holloman A.F.B. in New Mexico and onetime head of its space biology branch, Space Surgeon Simons is being shunted by the Air Force to work with Major General Bernard Schriever's California-based division of the Air Research and Development Command. In this role, Dr. Simons will be responsible for the creatures sent aloft and for recording on the ground (by telemetering devices) their physical reactions. First to go up, probably, will be mice, then monkeys and chimpanzees, finally men. It will be largely up to Dr. Simons to bring 'em back alive.

Mice & Men. No double-domed theoretician working out formulae, Dave Simons is a flight surgeon who is the son, nephew and cousin of physicians. A flier himself, he knows intimately the basic problems of fliers' health and survival. A tinkerer and gadgeteer who began cultivating a passion for photography, astronomy, physics and ham radio during his boyhood in Lancaster, Pa., he is enthralled by the electronic gadgetry essential to research before flight into space and to keeping a man alive after he gets there. He drives himself and his subordinates hard in fanatic devotion to his mission.

Assigned at his own request to medical instrumentation in 1947, Simons was sent to Wright A.F.B.'s Aero Medical Laboratory. There he studied how monkeys were affected by being fired up to the fringes of space in V-2 rockets. Back from Japan late in 1952 after training and duty as a flight surgeon, he was assigned to the Aeromedical Field Lab at Holloman to study the effects of cosmic radiation on animals at high altitudes. Rockets could not stay up long enough to give test animals extended exposure to the hazards of the upper atmosphere. So Simons became an enthusiastic balloonist, worked three years developing sealed cabins to carry aloft varied forms of life, dunk them in cosmic radiation, and bring them back alive. Between rockets and balloons, he has studied the effects of 55 high-altitude exposures on subjects ranging from the bread mold *Neurospora* and fruit fly *Drosophila* to mice, rats, hamsters, guinea pigs and rhesus monkeys.

Last August Simons added man—himself—to the list with his world-record balloon ascent in a capsule so cluttered with his beloved gadgets that he could barely move, but designed to produce data for 25 distinct scientific studies. These ranged from the intensity of cosmic rays to the hormones excreted in Simons' urine and his emotional reactions as confined to a tape recorder. (Some of the equipment functioned badly, is now being revamped for Manhigh III, later this year.)

Simons noted he was in "a completely hostile environment

^{*} Holder of the world's altitude record is Laika, the dog put into orbit in Sputnik II which reached a maximum distance of 1,050 miles from the earth. Highest U.S. travelers to have survived, two rhesus monkeys, Pat and Mike, sent to an altitude of 37 miles in a U.S. Aerobee rocket in 1952. Highest human, Captain Iven C. Kincheloe Jr., who got to 100,000 ft. (24 miles) in the U.S.A.F.'s X-2, for "a couple of minutes" in 1950.



EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION. sudden loss of pressure from possible accident in space, is studied with aid of rats by Navy doctors in sealed chamber at Air Crew Equipment Laboratory, Philadelphia. Protected by Goudrich full-pressure suits.

doctors are taken to simulated 65,000-ft. altitude, where they pierce lids that have sealed rats at lower altitude pressures. Immediate study of damage to exploded organs of rats, killed by rapid drop in pressure, provides clues to space perils facing men.



WEIGHTLESSNESS of kitten, trying to right itself in absence of gravitational force, is observed by Dr. Siegfried Gerathwohl of Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine in cockpit of an F-94C interceptor over Randolph Air

Force Base, Texas. Weightless state, which might disorient physical and mental processes of man in space, is achieved for 40 seconds by jet plane flying a carefully plotted parabolic arc in which centrifugal force counteracts gravity.



U.S. Air Force

WIND BLAST, endangering men ejected into atmosphere at high speed from damaged capsule, may be countered by protective helmet and suit being tested on chimpanzee subjected by Northrop rocket sled at China Lake, Calif. to 1,337-m.p.h. speed and 4,000-lbs. per sq. ft. pressure.



OXYGEN SUPPLY for space trip, provided by artificial photosynthesis, is a goal of Air Force studies of process by which algae convert carbon dioxide from the exhalations of mice into oxygen.

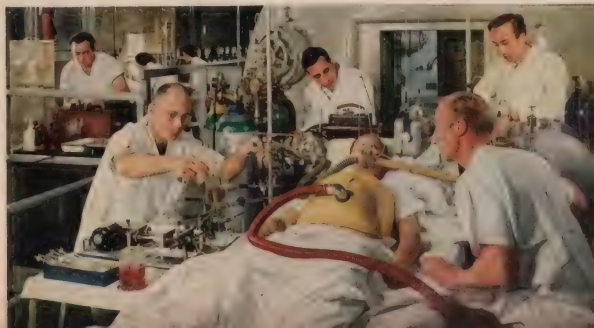
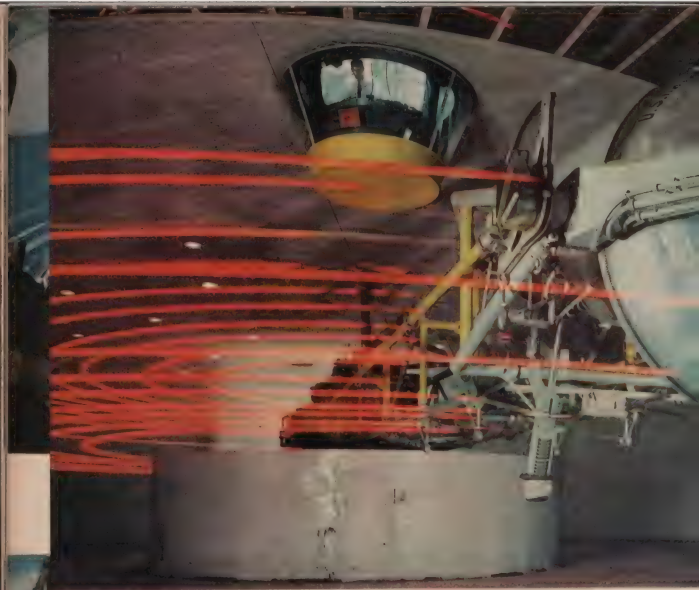


U.S.A. - G. P. 1948



ISOLATION STRESS is recorded at Air Force's Wright Aero Medical Laboratory in Dayton, Ohio, using chamber that neither admits outside sound nor echoes any noise made by occupant.

RECORD BALLOON FLIGHT which began from Crosby, Minn., open-pit iron mine, carried Colonel Simons aloft for 32 hours to 102,000-ft. altitude, provided knowledge of radiation effects, man's stress in space and suitability of sealed, Winzen-built aluminum gondola as capsule for rocket flight.





50-FT. HUMAN CENTRIFUGE (world's biggest) at Navy's Aviation Medical Acceleration Laboratory, Johnsville, Pa., records abilities of men in whirling gondola (right) to withstand high g-forces produced by acceleration and spinning of a space vehicle.



← EFFICIENCY OF BRAIN, affected by lowered oxygen supply during space flight, is studied at University of Pennsylvania's Pharmacology Department. Yellow pad, inducing excessive breathing, aids examination in oxygen-carbon dioxide interaction in regulating oxygen pressure in brain of subject, whose blood is sampled by doctor at left as it goes to and from brain.

HEAT CHAMBER, a modified F-102 cockpit flanked by infra-red lamps, generates up to 300° F. at Convair, San Diego, tests ability of man to perform functions normally under sudden and extreme peaks of temperature.



U.S. Air Force

SPACE CABIN at the Wright Aero Medical Laboratory tests how five men get along with one another housed in cramped quarters during a simulated 120-hr. flight through space. Electrodes (patches: *left*) send heart, brain, skin responses to doctors outside the cabin.



CONDITION DETECTORS, a wired cup (on finger of test subject's right hand) to record pulse and blood pressure, and Band-Aid-shaped strain gauges on chests of man and rhesus monkey (*foreground*) to measure breathing rate and volume, were developed by Universal Match Corp. in St. Louis, to transmit information to earth. Test compares man's reactions with those of monkey, which will probably be sent on space flight first. Mask records respiration by conventional means as check.

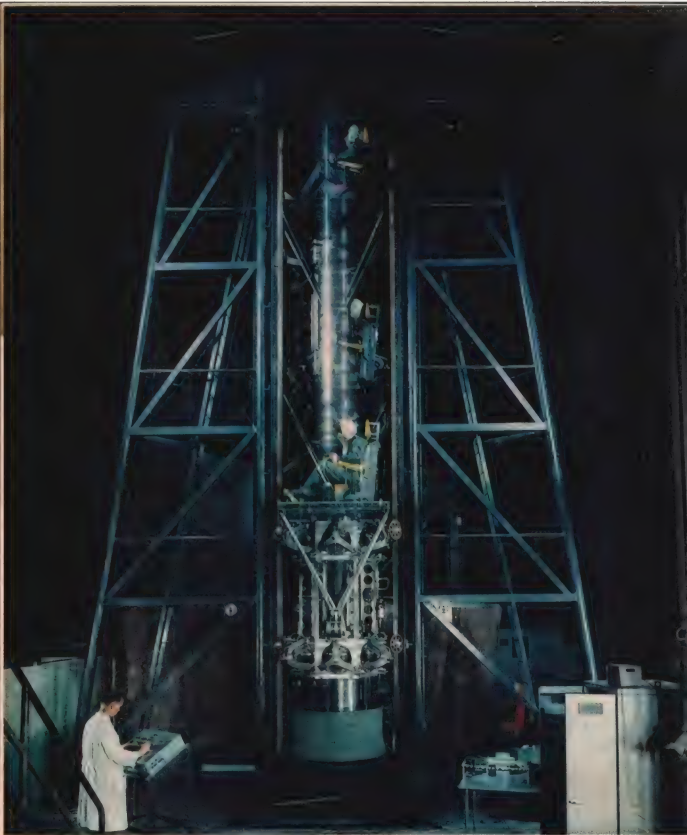


RADIATION HAZARD of space, threat to life from cosmic and other rays, is studied with damaged cells in test solutions by Dr. A. Gih DeBusk at Florida State University.



WATER-MAKING method for the occupants of the capsule during their long trip through space is sought in experiment at New York

University's Sanitary Engineering Laboratory by Professor W. T. Ingram, who double-distills urine in attempt to recover pure water.



BUFFETING FORCES expected to fling space travelers in all directions as speeding capsule is braked during re-entry of atmosphere on return to earth, are duplicated on 30-ft. vertical accelerator at Wright Aero Medical Laboratory. Test

subject, shown in triple exposure as he rides apparatus up and down, can accelerate as much as 3 g., tries to perform given tasks while being subjected to violent vibrations and rotation at 300 r.p.m. of column to which chair is attached.

that would be most unforgiving of errors of commission or omission." He had one accident of the sort that threatens the life of every voyager who carries his own "microclimate": His air-filtering system faltered. The carbon dioxide built up to a hazardous 4%, and he began making errors in execution and judgment. Despite his medical training, he blandly reported to the ground that his breathing rate was 44 a minute (against his normal 17) and saw nothing unusual in it. Fortunately, he could still respond to orders from the ground, and poured on more oxygen. The crisis passed.

Asked last week whether, after this experience, he would like to be the first man in space, Dr. Simons said: "If it developed that I was the man best qualified, I'd like to do it—but not otherwise." With his broadening responsibilities, Dr. Simons will have to worry about the whole range of problems that vex the space medics in preparing any attempt to dispatch a man beyond the earth. Together with the researchers' latest thinking on how best to handle them, the problems are:

Clothing. The space pilot will be encased from top to toe in a suit of many layers. One part will keep the blood from flooding to his head or his feet under peak g forces during blast-off and re-entry. Another layer (actually two layers of clear plastic, with non-overlapping holes for air to get in and out) will cool him. An insulating layer is to save him from being grilled to a crisp in the inferno of atmospheric friction, both outbound and inbound. Yet another, with airtight linkage to his plastic-visored helmet, will maintain a comfortable atmospheric pressure all around his body, even if his space cabin should be punctured. This may serve also as an immersion suit in case he ditches in the ocean.

Atmosphere. The space capsule, like the pressure suit within it, will be pressurized at about 7½ lbs. per sq. in.—the pressure normally found at 18,000 ft. Instead of ordinary air (21% oxygen), it will be filled with an artificial atmosphere containing at least 40% oxygen, to give the spaceman the same quantity of oxygen he would enjoy at sea level. During launching and re-entry, the space pilot will have his pressure suit inflated. In relaxed, straightaway flight, he will be able to deflate his suit, open his visor and rely on cabin air. The air will be filtered, probably through lithium hydride, to remove carbon dioxide and excess water vapor from breath and sweat. It will also be cooled and deodorized.

G Forces. The human body can stand travel at any rate of speed provided that it is constant. What hurts is a too- abrupt change in speed or direction. Standard of measurement for such changes is the g (from gravity), which is equal to the acceleration produced by the earth's pull at sea level. Unprotected and in normal sitting position, the body cannot stand more than about 3½ g for more than about 15 seconds. Semisupine, even without a pressure suit, it can stand 6 g for 4½ minutes, as much as 12 g for only six seconds. But in blast-off or re-entry, g forces build up; not only is speed sharply increased or decreased, but the rate of change is itself increased. This poses a worse problem. Man can stand the addition of one g every 4½ seconds for only 54 seconds up to a maximum of 12 g. Fortunately, from Dr. Stapp's work and other tests, researchers at Wright A.F.B. have found that a man quickly recovers his ability to withstand a new g onslaught: after first-stage burnout of a three-stage rocket, he can stand for several seconds at high but steady speed; when the second stage blasts off, he can take it, and his body is also ready for the acceleration of the final blast. On re-entry, the g forces imposed by deceleration are likely to be far more perilous. Impact of hitting even the thinnest outer layer of the atmosphere head-on at 18,000 m.p.h. is like driving a car through a blast furnace against a cliff at 60 m.p.h. To slow down, the pilot may have to glide in at an angle of no more than 4°, then skip out to cool off as soon as he has slowed down a bit. He may have to repeat this a dozen or more

times, taking terrific punishment from buffeting in the process. Only after he has slowed down to about 3,000 m.p.h. will the pilot be able to set his air brake—open a stainless-steel parachute. The shock that this produces may be the worst of all.

Weightlessness. Elusive, intangible, and therefore frightening, is the weightlessness, or zero-g state that the pilot will experience in orbital flight or true space travel. Quick movement of an arm in this state would spin him around or pitch him violently against the bulkhead if he were not buckled down. Randolph A.F.B.'s Major Herbert Stallings, who holds the world's record for zero or near-zero-g travel,* believes that weightlessness will actually help the space pilot. Says he: "A man can probably get as much rest out of four hours weightless sleep as eight hours on a feather bed, because there are no pressure points." He also finds weightlessness exhilarating, notes that the maneuvers he has to execute while flying a hot jet in this state are much tougher than a space pilot will have to do in straightaway flight.

But of 115 volunteers who have flown with Major Stallings, one-third suffered nausea, vomiting or vertigo to the point of incapacity. And even zero-g fans note some odd effects. Randolph's Dr. Siegfried J. Geratwohl (Stallings' steadiest customer) reports what he calls the "oculo-auricular illusion": the weightless flier sees objects at a higher level than they really are. Two cardiologists, the Navy's Captain Ashton Graybiel and the Air Force's Dr. Lawrence E. Lamb, foresee possibly grave difficulties for both the circulatory and respiratory systems under long exposure to g-free conditions.

Temperature. The terrific heat built up in the skin of the space cabin after blast-off will soon be lost by radiation; on re-entry it will be a continuing problem. In orbital flight, dodging in and out of earth's shadow, with the capsule's insulating wall and the pilot's private, form-fitting air conditioning, this problem should be overcome. Flying to the moon or beyond, one side of the capsule will overheat, while the other will fall to the far-below-freezing temperatures of the void. It may be necessary to rotate the ship slowly. Still, no sweat: data from Explorer 1 showed a comfy inside temperature from 50° to 85°.

Food & Drink. The man in space will eat highly concentrated, nourishing pastes, squeezing them into his mouth from plastic containers that will stay depressed when squeezed, and not suck air in. Though he will be sitting still, exerting himself hardly at all with no gravity or friction to overcome, the Air Force thinks he will need 3,000 to 3,400 calories a day. If fliers' appetites go up with altitude, as some have reported, the only explanation is nervous tension.

Drinking is tougher: in the zero-g state, liquids slosh all over, or fall up in odd places: some of Stallings' passengers trying to drink from a plastic cup have succeeded only in soaking their suits, or having the water pour up into their nasal passages and sinuses. The answer: elastic containers, with polyethylene tubes for the pilot to suck the liquids out. Only after food has reached the stomach can the muscles in the digestive tract be relied on to keep things moving.

Elimination. The muscles and nerves controlling elimination should function normally even in long g-free flight. The space pilot will urinate into a "P-pipe" like those in air-bound military planes today. Defecation is more of a problem. For a weekend trip, the pilot will be preconditioned by eating a low-residue diet (no bulky leaf vegetables, peas, corn or beans, no fat). As Captain William Bligh noted 169 years ago after he was cast away by the *Bounty* mutineers, some of his lifeboat companions went weeks with no bowel movement, had no lasting ill effects. For a trip to the moon, the



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Air Force thinks it now has an airtight zipper-type fastening for pressure suits that will enable the pilot to function like a duck hunter opening the flap on his long-johns; the fecal matter will go into plastic bags, be deodorized and stowed unobtrusively.

For longer space voyages, lasting weeks, months or years, all the difficulties of food, drink and elimination snowball. Weight is the first, worst foe of the rocketeer trying to get a manned capsule into space, so everything that can possibly be saved and re-used must be conserved. Hence the futuristic proposals that in addition to recycling his oxygen supply (perhaps with elaborate photolysis, to break down the accumulating carbon dioxide), the space pilot will have to recycle his body wastes. Extraction of palatable water, though still not perfected, might be practicable for space flight if the equipment weight could be cut down. One suggestion for maintaining a near-perpetual cycle of food: use the pilot's wastes as food for algae, which will convert them into something edible, also consume carbon dioxide and make oxygen. Another possibility is foreseen by the Navy's Biochemist Dr. Carl Clark, who offers the spaceman a diet of sugar water, enriched with vitamins, minerals and protein factors, and thickened with shredded paper towel. It would taste just as good, he says, every time around.

Cosmic Radiation. Space's swirling storms of atomic particles cause mutations (mostly undesirable for survival) in bread mold, probably will have the same effect in humans if they strike the genes in the reproductive system. Unsurpassed until this month's report by Iowa Physicist Dr. James Van Allen was the intense radiation storm encountered 800 miles from the earth by Explorer satellites. Still to be learned is whether this danger zone stretches from pole to pole. If so, the space traveler may have to hurry through it, as Dr. Simons says, "like running fast through a grass fire."

Isolation. Loneliness is an appalling depressant by itself. For all his Navy training and lofty motivation, a six-month Antarctic night threw Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd into depression. Airman Donald Farrell, after less than a week of far less severe isolation in a ground-bound cabin (TIME, Feb. 24), became not only irritable but hostile. His log for the seventh morning of his week-long simulated flight to the moon bristles with sputtering four-letter obscenities, includes the complaint that "the won't even give me hazardous-duty pay for this ride. Chinchy slobs!"

Studies of airmen and other volunteers in such settings have shown, says the School of Aviation Medicine's Psychologist George Hauty, that a man studying a dimly lit instrument panel or radar scope in darkness and total silence soon begins to see blips where there are none. Airmen reported "The instrument panel kept melting and dripping to the floor," and "On several occasions the bank indicator showed a hippopotamus smiling at me."



DR. STAPP AFTER THREE, A MAN

One had to spend too much time "brushing away the little man who kept swinging on, and thereby obscuring, the airspeed indicator." The unanimous verdict of psychologists: the space pilot must have an abundant "sensory input" as well as work to do. He must be able to talk to the ground whenever he is awake, ask "Where am I? How am I doing?", and get reassuring answers. He must have music wherever he goes, perhaps a TV screen on which he can see where he is in relation to the earth.

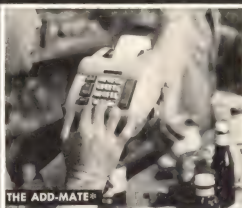
Three Chimps First. With all these pressing medical problems to be solved, why does man feel himself impelled toward the dark unfathom'd caves of outer space? For one thing, despite his physical and emotional inadequacies, he is still a space-saving, weight-saving gadget compared with any electronic brain yet constructed. A cynical explanation favored in cybernetic circles: "Nowhere else can you obtain a self-maintaining computer with built-in judgment, which can be mass-produced by unskilled labor—and by people who like their work so well." To Dr. Simons, first man to have so long and clear a view of twinkling stars, it is a matter of man's destiny. "This is one of the greatest challenges that has ever faced mankind—an external challenge, to conquer our environment."

But whatever his motives or apparent fitness, no man is likely to take off from the U.S. for outer space until Colonel Stapp, now head of Wright's Aero Medical Lab, is sure that he has a good chance to get back intact. Stapp plans to test the Air Force and Navy on finding and recovering a capsule dropped in the ocean, as it might drop a returning spaceman. Then he will try again, with a capsule fired downward at 3,000 to 4,000 m.p.h. from a high-flying missile. Next he will try to recover an orbiting satellite, to prove that the drag and heat problems on re-entry have been solved. He will send up and recover bigger and bigger animals, with chimpanzees on the top of the ladder, only one rung below man. Says Dr. Stapp: "When we've done the whole thing with three consecutive successes, getting the chimps back alive, then we'll be ready to send up a man."

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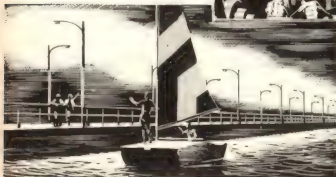
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SPORT

Fast Business

Australia's young (20) Herb Elliott arrived in California announcing that he was not traveling for pleasure. This was a business trip. Elliott's business: running the mile faster than anybody else.

From the moment he galloped off the mark in the Los Angeles Coliseum Relays last week, the long-nosed, long-legged youth looked like the top man in his trade. With his countryman Merv Lincoln tagging along behind him, Herb loped over the grassy turf track with the stride of an astonished ostrich. He stuck to the early pacemakers with ease. When Texas' Drew Dunlap and Maryland's Burr Grim pulled him through a 2:00.5 first half, Herb knew he was running a hot mile. In the third quarter, his pacemakers began to burn out, and Herb went into business for himself. He opened a steadily widening lead, finished 20 yds. in front of Lincoln, who was clocked at a commendable 4:01.

His own time was a disappointment to Elliott. With no one pushing him, he complained, he had "faded a little" toward the end. All he had done was run a 3:37.8 mile, his fourth under four minutes and the second fastest ever. Only Britain's Derek Ibbotson, who last year was clocked in 3:37.2, has done better. But Ibbotson's time, like Elliott's, may never be accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation because both marks were made with the aid of "pacers." The world's record is still held by Australia's John Landy, whose record mile was a mere 3:58.

Muscles from Moscow

Almost as soon as they landed in New York the seven visiting Soviet strongmen began to wonder whether weight lifting in the U.S. is a sport or a sideshow. Dutifully they drank Cokes and made muscles for Manhattan photographers; dutifully they helped hoist "Miss Body Beautiful" aloft for enterprising Chicago newsmen. Light-Heavyweight Trofim Lomakin let one publicity man con him into posing on horseback until a comrade muttered, "Cossack!" Bantamweight Vladimir Stogov, an army chauffeur, took a turn behind the wheel of a new Ford, fled in terror when he pushed a button and the retractable hardtop began to fold. By the time the Russians got to their first match in Chicago's International Amphitheater they should have been thoroughly bushed. But they were still more than a match for the seven U.S. strongmen who had been assembled by Bar-Bell Manufacturer Bob Hoffman.

Breath for Power. The U.S. team produced only one winner. Featherweight Isaac Berger. The little (5 ft., 2 in., 141 lbs.) Israeli immigrant likes to think that the breath control he learned as a synagogue cantor has given him extra power. He hoisted a total of 804½ lbs. for a new world record. The other U.S. squad members seemed so far from shape that the rest of the scheduled matches promised



UNITED PRESS
AUSTRALIAN MILER ELLIOTT
A hot fade.

to be Russian pushovers. Bantamweight (class limit 123½ lbs.) Charles Vinci, a squat Ohio steelworker who has been recently unemployed, had been forced to trade valuable training time for job hunting and was worn out. Middle-Heavyweight (198½ lbs.) Dave Sheppard, the handsome health-food salesman who claims an unofficial world eating championship (five meals daily with snacks in between), was weak from dieting.

Strictly speaking, weight lifting is not a team sport. Each lifter must compete in



GLOBE PHOTOS
RUSSIAN LIFTER MEDVEDEV
A hefty jerk.

three different styles of lifting,* with nothing but his own explosive energy to help him get the hefty bar bells aloft. But somehow, after their sad start, the U.S. strongmen developed a muscular team morale.

"Push, Man, Push!" Just three days later in Detroit, chunky "Chuck" Vinci, concentrating so hard that he managed a kind of self-hypnosis before each lift, beat Russia's Vladimir Stogov with the help of a hefty 231½-lb. snatch. Dave Sheppard, heeding his teammates' shouts to "Push, man, push!", lifted a total of 1,013½ lbs. for a second U.S. victory. The final score was Russia 4, the U.S. 3.

Against superior muscle that was the best morale could do, in the final competition in Manhattan, Russia's Heavyweight (more than 198½ lbs.) Alexei Medvedev, his big bay window leaking over his belt, posed pensively before the bar bells as if thought alone could lift them from the floor. Then he stopped thinking, started straining, and hefted a total of 1,080 lbs. in three heaves, to lead his teammates to one more 4-3 victory. Said the Russians' political chaperon as he accepted congratulations for his boys' clean sweep: "I hope you have a new moon in orbit soon, too."

Scoreboard

¶ When he turned into the stretch at Pimlico's horse park, Calumet's dark bay colt Tim Tam saw racing room ahead, ran like a thief and stole the \$133,950 Preakness from Sunny Blue Farm's Lincoln Road by a long length and a half. The weather was fine, the track was fast, and when Silky Sullivan, the California clown, clumped home eighth, he had no excuses. The truth was out: the Western hotshot is an Eastern horselaugh.

¶ Thirteen crews showed up on Princeton's Lake Carnegie for the sprint championship of the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges. But the only question up for argument was: Who will finish second to Yale? The answer was supplied by Harvard's stroke, Bob Lawrence, who caught a crab 200 yds. from the finish and was lofted into the lake. Without him, Harvard finished third behind Penn. while Yale, as expected, set a lake record for 2,000 meters: 5:54.4.

¶ There were 16 deaths in 1957 directly attributable to football, according to the 26th annual survey of football fatalities prepared for the Football Coaches Association. Over the years high school games have been the biggest killers. October the worst month, and the first five minutes of a game the most dangerous. Tackling has been more dangerous than ball carrying or blocking, and the T formation has been more deadly than the single wing.

* The press, in which the feet are slightly spread and never shifted, and the weight is lifted in two smooth movements: from floor to chest, then to arms' length overhead. The snatch, in which the weight is lifted from floor to the overhead position in one explosive movement. The clean-and-jerk, in which the weight is hoisted neck-high while the lifter drops into a squat or split, then "jerked" aloft as the legs are straightened.



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ART

The Greatest German?

Who was Germany's greatest painter? Half a century ago, the title would have been disputed among Albrecht Dürer, Lucas Cranach and Hans Holbein the Younger. Now Nikolaus Pevsner, German-born head of the History of Art Department at London University's Birkbeck College, unhesitatingly comes out for the 16th century Gothic master whom critics have long called Matthias Grünewald.

In a new comprehensive study of *Grünewald* (Abrams: \$15), Critic Pevsner reproduces all that has been definitely identified as the painter's work, a mere 38 sketches and the whole or parts of ten altarpieces, including the Washington National Gallery's *Crucifixion* (TIME, July 18, 1955). Quite properly, 62 of the book's 143 plates are devoted to Grünewald's twelve-paneled Isenheim altarpiece (now in Colmar's Unterlinden Museum), a work so famous it was mentioned in the Treaty of Versailles.

In the Isenheim, Grünewald (real name: Mathis Gothardt Niethardt) reached a peak in his ability to give body to the high mysticism and passionate urgency of his time. He rendered the Christ crucified as a scarred and broken figure, his lifeless head pierced with grotesque thorns. The attendant figures sustain and even amplify the sense of total horror and shock. The figure of Mary Magdalene at the foot of the Cross is modeled on Grünewald's ideal of Nordic beauty, with wildly flowing silky blonde hair, sumptuous, rippling salmon-pink robe and veil. Grünewald has painted beauty moved to the ultimate of grief; Mary Magdalene's delicate features are a frozen mask of sorrow, her fingers writhe numbly, and even the sleeves of her elegant gown appear twisted and rigid (see cut).

Critic Pevsner notes that "during precisely the years of the Isenheim altarpiece, Raphael painted the *Sistine Madonna*." He leaves no doubt that he considers one the equal of the other.



GRÜNEWALD'S "MARY MAGDALENE"

DESIGN IN MOTION

HIS tousled white hair quivering rhythmically, his ruddy, jovial face radiating glee, Alexander Calder was beating a steady tempo on the African tom-tom. Swirling around him, clanging a Mexican calabash rattle, clattering a huge Swiss cowbell, tinkling a melody on dangling wires, were his friends—writers, painters, musicians. A gentle breeze delicately spun the forest of mobiles hanging from the ceiling of the Connecticut farmhouse. Suddenly "Sandy" Calder stood up, walked outside past sentrylike steel stabiles, shuffled to a nearby creek. Staring at the soft, easy ripples, Calder exclaimed: "Look at those tiny waves, circling, soothing, yet so much alive! People ask me the meaning of a mobile. My answer is 'what is the meaning of this water, of a sunset?'"

Mr. Mobile. At 50, Alexander Calder, America's top-ranking creator of a new art form, has given mobiles a meaning round the world, from toyland to architecture. Born in a world of traditional art,* Sandy turned first to engineering, drifted from job to job, began to find his medium in 1926 with wire sculptures. He created out of wire a whole circus, complete with leaping trapeze artists, jumping kangaroos and horse-hurling bareback riders. Their mobility, controlled by springs and a master crank, charmed a Paris Left Bank audience that included Jean Cocteau, Pablo Picasso, Fernand Léger and Joán Miró. The mobile was being born.

In 1930 Calder took a good look at the

paintings of another friend, Piet Mondrian, and concluded: "Your rectangles should vibrate and oscillate." Then he rushed to his cluttered studio and went to work. When Painter Marcel (*Nude Descending a Staircase*) Duchamp saw the results—brightly colored compositions of sheet metal, wire, steel rods and wood, moving by use of motors, pulleys or wind—he dubbed them "mobiles." Sculptor Jean Arp reacted by calling the non-moving sculptures "stabiles." Thus were created two of the best-known terms of modern sculpture.

Large & Small. Today Calder mobiles grace living rooms from Tokyo to Rio de Janeiro, hang in museums from Massachusetts to Moscow, enliven public and business buildings from Beirut to New York's International Airport (see color page). A water-ballet fountain performs at Detroit's General Motors Technical Center; a 21-ft. motorized, mobile-topped stable called *The Whirling Ear* guards the outside pool of the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair (Calder's commission: \$70,000). Last week Mr. Mobile left his Roxbury studio and flew to Spoleto, Italy, to supervise the installation of his sculptures, used in a ballet set in Gian Carlo Menotti's *Festival of Two Worlds*. Soon to be installed at the new Paris headquarters of UNESCO is the most ambitious of all Sculptor Calder's works—a 30-ft.-high mobile, *The Clockwise Spiral*.

Now that he is doing huge pieces for important buildings, Sandy Calder suggests that he has changed direction. "After the Idlewild mobile," he said last week, "I couldn't conceive of small things." Then he reached for a strand of copper wire, quickly twisted it into a graceful, elegant ring for a pretty admirer standing near by,



CALDER'S "WHIRLING EAR"

* Both his father and grandfather were sculptors, his mother an artist. Father A. Stirling Calder is represented in Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art by *The Man Cub*, for which four-year-old Sandy was the model. Grandfather Alexander Milne Calder did the statue of William Penn that adorns Philadelphia's city hall.

WORKROOM in Roxbury, Conn., packed with wire and sheet metal, is where Sculptor Calder cuts and balances his works of art-in-motion.



Nelson Martin

POINT 125. Calder mobile made in 1957, gyrates in main lobby of New York's Idlewild Airport. Title describes thickness of steel (.125 inch).

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THE THEATER

Methodical Orchard

"Here was the real thing," trumpeted the *Daily Telegraph*. "Great—and no perhaps about it," cried the *News Chronicle*. Despite preshow misgivings that Anton Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* might be axed by Lenin rather than Lopakhin, London's critics cheered last week for the famed Moscow Art Theater, in its first appearance this side of the Iron Curtain since before World War II.

Helped by a superb set of costumes and stage furnishings (including their own axes and logs, since "English ones might not have the right ring"), 15 well-disciplined M.A.T. pros, descendants of the group that "Method" Director Konstantin Stanislavsky helped to found 60 years ago, gave their Chekhov a faithfully reproduced period atmosphere. But their exuberant performance carefully nurtured the most hopeful stems in his grim orchard, and pruned out the darker growths in his vision of social decay. Trofimov, for example, a pompous dreamer in most Western versions, becomes more the fiercely earnest youth, obviously the bright hope of a Soviet future. And Gayev and Madame Ranevskaya, usually played as cultivated bumblers, appear as sober, ordinary people overtaken by cold reality.

Despite such howls to Soviet realism in the Moscow Theater's first new *Orchard* since 1947, the production came to London with the blessing of Chekhov's Actress-Widow Olga Knipper Chekhova. Moreover, Londoners, to whom Chekhov is as familiar as Shaw or Sheridan, seemed to approve. The first-night audiences—including such personages as Defense Minister Duncan Sandys and Lady Churchill—gave the group nine curtain calls. And one sack-clad miss added the awed, ultimate compliment: "You don't need to speak Russian to understand."

Actors' Choice

Onstage at Manhattan's Cort Theater, greying, broad-jawed Actor Ralph Bellamy, 53, brilliantly plays the strong-minded young Politician Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's *Sunrise at Campobello*. Offstage, for the past six years Actor Bellamy has performed an even tougher role: two-term president of the 10,000-member Actors' Equity, A.F.L.-C.I.O.

Last week, after some 200 petitions flowed into Equity's Manhattan office urging him to run again, Bellamy changed his mind, agreed to go for a third term. In deference, the only other announced candidate, Negro Actor Frederick O'Neal, bowed out of the race.

In a profession noted for temperament, Bellamy has been a strong, group-minded president with a talent for toughness and organization. Equity rules now apply for Canadian theaters and off-Broadway productions. The minimum scale has risen 20% since 1952, and rehearsal salaries in the same period jumped 50%. Woefully

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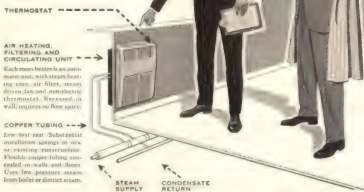
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But Chicago-born Actor Bellamy, a veteran of 36 years on stage, screen and television, still has problems to face. Among the leftover projects from his first terms: congressional approval of a tax spread for actors so that fat onetime earnings can be extended to cover lean years; federation with allied theatrical unions.

The Untender Trap

One of Broadway's biggest headaches is the "bonus." With good seats at good shows always as scarce as bagels in Mecca, theatergoers have long since learned that an extra dollar under the counter improves their chances of seeing such S.R.O. hits as *My Fair Lady* and *The Music Man*. As vulnerable as any to the gouging charges are Manhattan's 100-odd ticket agencies, which handle roughly 65% of theater seat sales for a legitimate fee of \$1.38 above the box-office price.

Last week for the first time in 20 months, the law closed in on a gouger. Suspended for ten days was the city's No. 1 agency, the combined Tyson Operating Co. and Sullivan Theatre Ticket Service. Out of a job was \$40-a-week Clerk Theresa Hale, who extracted \$10 from Businessman Philip Stogel for four tickets to Meredith Willson's cornfest, *The Music Man*.

Responsible for trapping Tyson were officials of the city's Department of Licenses, which fights a losing game against the gougers. Rarely can a scalper be caught in the act. And Manhattan showgoers, more interested in aisle seats than public morals, seem eager to support the hijacker when the law is not looking.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Still Declining

Industrial production is still dropping. Last week's Federal Reserve Board index showed April production down two points to 126, the lowest in 3½ years and twice the drop that Administration economists expected.

In 1958's first quarter, the Commerce Department reported last week, the gross national product fell by \$10.6 billion to an annual rate of \$342 billion, the lowest point since the third quarter of 1956. It is expected to decline even more in the current quarter.

But the rate of decline was being braked by increasing signs of resistance in the economy. A rise in April housing starts generated optimism among home builders (*See Belweather Industry?*). The number of the jobless collecting benefits dropped 70,600 to 3,194,000, lowest since Feb. 15. Personal income and retail sales are holding up well. The auto industry, black sheep of the economy, is also showing some life; May auto sales started off at the best rate since January, and production last week rose 8,000 to 86,738 units.

But there are some dark months ahead for autos. Dealers now have about 760,000 cars on hand, hope they clean them out before the introduction of 1959 models. To help clear the decks, the industry is expected to operate at an even lower rate than usual during the summer, may shut down earlier, stay closed longer when it retools for 1959 models. Counting heavily on a cleanup of the '58 models and the popularity of the new '59 cars, *Ward's Automotive Reports* hopefully predicted that "factory unemployment gloom will be quickly followed by a fourth-quarter burst of production prosperity that may rival 1955."

Doctor, Cure Yourself

The nation's businessmen spoke out in great numbers on the state of the U.S. economy, mixing pessimism and optimism with a healthy amount of sharp self-criticism.

At the 42nd annual meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board in Manhattan, a panel of economic experts



took the view that no real business upturn is likely until next year at least. One of the big reasons for the pessimistic view: a new report from businessmen pointing to a further decline in spending for plant expansion that will last into 1959.

In Wall Street Henry Clay Alexander, chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co., called for a tax cut of \$5 billion or more as the real spur to economic activity. Such a cut, said Alexander, "is the course of prudence in today's circumstances. Our economy is as much a weapon in the struggle for survival as our rockets and our missiles."

Back to a Lost Art. Most of the talking was done at an economic mobilization conference sponsored by the American Management Association in Manhattan and organized by Charles H. Percy, president of Bell & Howell Co. Conference theme: what can businessmen do to meet the challenge of the recession without leaning on tax cuts or other Government help? The principal way to fight the

slump, said Percy in his prepared speech, is to "produce better values—and do it fast." His company moved up by a year the introduction of nine new products, reduced prices to attract customers, planned a 67% increase in spending for capital equipment in 1958 over 1957. Said Percy: "We cannot believe in profits without believing in risks." Bell & Howell payoff: first-quarter gains of 21½% in sales, 23% in net earnings, 4½% in total employment.

Another way to fight the recession, said Whirlpool Corp. Chairman Elisha Gray II, is to take a close look at products already on the shelf and see why they are not selling. "You can only conclude that it is because the merchandise we manufacturers have offered has not been attractive enough. Our past market experience has told us that we had overdesigned some of the features we were offering—I refer particularly to the complexity of some of today's modern home appliances—and our review has brought us back a little to products that are simpler to operate, a little more direct in their appeal to the customer."

Attracting the customer not only involves redesigning and lower prices, but a return to "the lost art of selling," said R. S. Ingersoll, president of Borg-Warner Corp. "In this connection the automobile industry has been the whipping boy of this recession. But the same thing is happening in other industries too. Today, there is a re-emphasis on healthy, hard-hitting selling."

All very well, said Cloud Wampler, chairman of the board of Carrier Corp., but industry must not confuse hard selling with overselling. "Did the sale of more than 7,000,000 motorcars in 1955 help or hurt the American economy?" Wampler admitted that his own firm has also been guilty of overselling, said it intends to correct this by doing "a better forecasting job" about its markets and the general state of the economy.

Satisfy Appetites. One of the bugaboos of the recession is the theory that the nation's industrial plant has become overbuilt, now has too much capacity. "I doubt that this is true," said Harry A. Bullis, chairman of the board of General



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TIME CLOCK

Mills, Inc. "We need to keep foremost in mind the appetites of the consumer and the capital needs of our businesses to keep those appetites satisfied." In the food industry alone, said Bullis, there is a huge market for foods with "built-in maid service" as a result of the increasing number of housewives who are working and the shortage of domestic help.

What such consumer needs mean to the food industry this year, said Franklin J. Lundin, chairman of the board of Jewel Tea Co., is an expansion program despite the recession. Some 2,000 new stores will be built in 1958 by food chains and another 1,700 stores remodeled, creating approximately 50,000 new jobs.

Perhaps the best example of confidence in the inevitable increase of consumer needs was given by Frederick R. Kappel, president of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Though the rate at which A.T. & T. is installing phones is down about 40% this year, "we have chosen to go ahead with our modernization program virtually without change." This year A.T. & T. will spend about \$1.5 billion on added capacity to take care of more customers, more long-distance calls. In the 1949 recession A.T. & T.'s employment force declined nearly 10% when business fell off. Today the company has about 25,000 more people at work than in the boom year of 1955, this year intends to recruit 1,500 college graduates, said Kappel. "We are adding capacity faster today, in relation to the growth we foresee in the months ahead, than we have done for quite a while. We are sure the capacity will all be used, but some of it will not be used immediately."

Bellwether Industry?

"Home-building may be the industry which will lead us out of the recession," said Nels Severin, president of the National Association of Home Builders, last week.

Severin announced at the association's annual meeting in Washington that a survey of U.S. home builders showed that they expect housing starts in 1958 to rise 10% above last year to some 1,100,000 new units. The majority of home builders at the meeting thought business is better now than last year; they look for further improvement over the next six months, particularly in the market for lower-priced houses. In assessing their individual prospects, they were even more optimistic; they predicted their own businesses would be up 33%.

Economists are keeping their fingers crossed about housing and its capacity to lead the economy into an upturn. In the 1949 and 1954 recessions, housing upturns were bellwethers for the economy. But some economists suspect that housing may no longer be a completely reliable economic indicator. Reason: like many another industry, housing has had the cream

LOW-PRICED STOCKS are rising fastest this year, reversing longtime trend that favored costlier issues. Analysis of 1,064 stocks listed on New York Stock Exchange found the following price gains since Dec. 31:

\$ 1-\$10	Up 27%
\$10-\$20	Up 19%
\$20-\$30	Up 16%
\$30-\$40	Up 13%
\$40-\$60	Up 11%
\$60-\$70	Up 4%
Over \$70	Up 5%

STUDEBAKER SMALL CAR will be company's hope for survival in U.S. auto race. It will roll out a small car, shorter and cheaper than its Scotsman, which has a wheelbase of 116½ inches and lists for as low as \$1,795.

NO-SHOW FINES for air passengers who book seats but fail to show for flights will be dropped in August. Though fines cut no-shows, they were too costly for airlines to administer.

FARM LAND VALUES are still on rise. Value of U.S. rural real estate has jumped to record \$116.3 billion, v. \$109.3 billion a year ago, with

skimmed off the top of its market, cannot depend on the backed-up demand that helped it weather the last two recessions.

Home builders, who have learned a lot about selling in the recession, are aware of the change—and consider it a challenge. With the need for adequate housing already essentially filled, the housing industry is making a fundamental shift. Builders are now concentrating on improving their houses and giving the customer more for his money. The median sale price of a house, for example, has dropped from \$14,950 to \$14,350, the first drop in four years—and the builders are supplying a larger house for the price despite the increase in costs.

Perils of the Railroads

Through its 111 years, the Pennsylvania Railroad has never been successfully challenged by a rebel stockholder or failed to pay an annual cash dividend. Last week both those possibilities cornered the Pennsy.

Into Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel for its annual meeting jammed 2,500 anxious stockholders. Most of the real noise was made by Manhattan's Randolph Phillips, 47, who has been leading a proxy fight to get himself elected to the Pennsy's 18-man board. A business writer who worked for the late Robert Young until they quarreled (TIME, Dec. 26, 1955), Phillips thinks that the Pennsy can be run better—and that he is the man to help do it. Last week he claimed the proxies of 22,700 of the 146,000 stockholders, figured he had enough to win under the Pennsy's cumulative balloting. The vote will be announced within a fortnight.

Why had Phillips rolled up so much support? Pennsy President James M.

three-quarters of the total value in land alone. Buildings on average farm are worth \$5,600.

NIGHT TURNPIKE TOLLS at cut rates are boosting traffic and revenues on Florida's 108-mile Sunshine State Parkway from Miami to Fort Pierce. After state slashed tolls for after-dark travel from \$2.40 to \$1.75 per car, income rose 7.5%.

BIGGEST DIVIDEND increases paid to stockholders this year have come from financial companies (payments up 39% from year ago), office-equipment makers (up 20%), ship-builders and ships operators (up 15%), retailers (up 12%). Biggest drops came in mining (off 24%), textiles (off 24%), railroads and rail equipment (off 15%).

PUERTO RICO'S BOOM is being slowed by U.S. recession. From February through April, only 13 U.S. firms announced that they planned to open plants on island, v. 42 plants during same period last year. But Puerto Rico reports pickup since mid-April, expects more than 20 starts this month.

Symes gave some of the answers. Not only did the Pennsy lose \$14.9 million in the first quarter, but "business continues at a very low ebb, presently running about 22% behind a year ago." In a crash drive to save money, the line cut its work force by a fifth in the past year, is doing practically no heavy maintenance work. Its cash is "exceedingly low," and its prospects for a profit in 1958 "extremely doubtful." The Pennsy has skipped its dividends for the first two quarters this year. When a stockholder asked if the Pennsy would pay any dividend this year, Symes replied: "I make no promises."

The Pennsy had plenty of company in its misery:

① Freight carloadings in the first week of May were 26½% below the year-ago level.
② Passenger losses dipped even deeper than last year, when they brought a \$700 million deficit.

③ The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western showed a \$3,500,000 loss for the first four months of 1958.

Farther west, roads were making some money, but generally much less than last year. The Northern Pacific reported that per-share earnings in the first four months slid to 34¢ (v. 82¢ a year ago), but President Robert S. Macfarlane, almost alone among U.S. railroaders, predicted that a pickup in grain shipments and a tighter control of expenses would lift May earnings close to the 1957 level and bring a "relatively good June."

* Last week railroadmen spread the story that two Pullman cars on the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited had been derailed near Syracuse in April. Point: no passenger was hurt because there was not a single one in either car.

WORLD COMMODITY CRISIS

It Cannot Be Solved by Trade Barriers

THE worldwide fall in commodity prices has presented the U.S. and the West with a problem of alarming proportions. What should, or must, be done for those underdeveloped nations whose economies depend largely on sales of raw materials? The U.S. commodity index shows a 10% drop in prices in the last year alone. This squeeze has aroused anti-Americanism round the world and handed the Communists a golden opportunity for trade deals and political demonstrations such as those against Vice President Nixon. The price drop has also partially nullified Western aid programs; the United Nations estimates that a 4% drop in key prices in underdeveloped lands cancels out all the funds poured in by the U.S. and its allies.

Commodity prices have been on the way down since 1956, when Western Europe's resurgent economy started to level off. This year the U.S. recession drove demand down still farther—and pushed many an exporting nation into a financial crisis. Many of those hardest hit were also the victims of their own financial inexperience and ambition. While the money was rolling in, they spent too much on too many of the wrong things, figuring that the boom would last forever.

Chile's copper exports will be off some \$225 million this year, pushing the country into an overall \$95 million trade deficit. Bolivia, which gets about 80% of its export money from tungsten, lead, tin and zinc, whose prices are off as much as 30%, is in the same economic fix. So are such metal-producing African exporters as Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo, whose exports of nonferrous metals were hit by a 9% price decline in the first quarter of 1958 alone.

The world's big South American coffee producers are little better off. Though the physical volume of exports is still climbing, heavy overproduction, coupled with increased competition from African exporters (Ivory Coast, Uganda), has dragged prices down 30% to 40% in the last year. In oil, the trouble is not so much prices, but something equally damaging: a slump in demand, which will hold consumption to a 2.5% increase (v. the usual 6%) this year. In addition, the U.S. is the world's biggest importer, has put on quotas that mean a 14% production cut and losses of \$250,000 daily for Venezuela alone.

Almost every Asian nation has grandiose plans for new roads, dams, industries—and little to pay the bills save raw materials. Owing largely to

the commodity decline, according to the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, its 16 Asian member nations had an aggregate net deficit of \$2.1 billion for the first half of 1957 alone v. a deficit of \$750 million for all of 1955. To make it worse, the area's share (excluding Japan) of world trade, which stood at 10.7% of the total in 1950, has now declined to 6.6%.

Pakistan has lost considerable ground because of a sharp fall in cotton (25% of its exports); prices and drop in the volume of its jute (44% of exports) trade. Indonesia is sorely pressed by a 20% drop in crude rubber prices since 1956; so is Thailand. Malaysian tin exports are off 50% this year, and 25% of the tin mines are shut down. From a healthy budget surplus in 1956, Malaya has gradually slipped into a \$39 million deficit this year.

What was one of the soundest five-year plans in all Asia must now be curtailed. Originally, Malaya hoped to spend \$361 million by 1960 for everything from better schools to an adequate port for Kuala Lumpur. Now all activity will be limited to projects already started.

While everyone realizes that the economic good health of such nations is vital to the West, the way to achieve it is difficult. One suggestion is for a series of international "commodity agreements" to stabilize prices and production. But so far, the U.S. has shied away because such pacts would be little more than worldwide price-fixing cartels that would prove no more workable than the U.S. farm price-support program. Another idea is for the U.S. and other buyer nations to stockpile raw materials from underdeveloped nations. But since the U.S. already has full stockpiles of most commodities, any addition to them would be a dose.

The one point thoughtful economists agree on—and the key to a solution—is that the worst possible course for the U.S. is to erect further tariff barriers against foreign commodity imports. While the victims of the commodity slide do not blame the U.S. for the falling prices, they do blame it for the quotas and tariffs—and the threat of more—which can only make their plight more painful. The best long-range solution to the economic problems of the world's underdeveloped lands is a free market for trade in which they are able to take full advantage of their abundant materials and low costs, thus earn themselves the money they need to develop and diversify their economies.

Dividend from Farmers

One of the fattest dividends from rising farm income (TIME, May 12) is going to the makers of farm equipment. Their sales, which turned down long before the recession, are on the rise. International Harvester reported its best April farm equipment sales since 1955; sales for the six months ending April 30 were up 5% over 1957. "The tractor business is ahead of last year for everyone," said Milwaukee's Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. The most dramatic comeback has been staged by J. I. Case Co., which lost \$2,845,027 in the first six months of fiscal '57. "Now," says Case's President Marc B. Rojzman, "we're in the black for the first six months of fiscal '58. Sales are up over 70% from last year."

Case's success stems from more than the upturn in farm income. It comes from the maze-dazzle sales tactics of its President Rojzman, 40. Rojzman, who merged his American Tractor Corp. with Case in January 1957, demonstrated his sales flair last fall with a \$1,000,000 circus. He airlifted nearly 4,000 farmers and dealers to Phoenix, Ariz. to unveil the "1960 Case-O-Matic Line," lashed his tractors stern to stern with competitors' models to show how they could outpull them. All told, Rojzman wrote up \$164 million in orders, signed up 300 new dealers.

So fast have sales risen that Case could run "for several months" on present orders; dealers must wait more than two months for some models. The biggest season for sales of heavy farm equipment is still ahead; more than 50% of the demand for such heavy-duty equipment as hay balers, combines and corn pickers comes in the second half of the year.

OIL

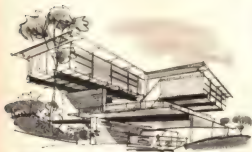
Quota System Defense

For months, many U.S. oil producers—especially independent Texas producers—have called the Administration's quota on oil imports a failure because it still lets too much foreign oil come into the U.S. To set the record straight, Matthew V. Carson, administrator of the quota plan, told an audience of independent oilmen last week that the program is working just about as well as hoped and "striking a reasonable balance between imports and domestic production." Imports have been cut by 168,900 bbl. per day, a drop of 17.4% from original schedules, are running at 12.5% of domestic production v. an anticipated 16% before the cuts began.

"Our security," Carson said, "is based on many considerations—our military posture, our overall economic and political strength, and our relationships with our friends and neighbors with whom we share a common danger. As administrator of the program it is my job to limit crude-oil imports in the interests of national security. My efforts are not, should not, and cannot be devoted to protection of the markets and profits of any individual. Nor can this be the function of the Fed-



JAM SESSION—Mike on drums, Chris toots the clarinet, Darius spoons out sweet trumpet, while Danny gives Dad a hand on the ivories.



STEEL FINGERS—This sketch shows how five steel beams form a "hand" to support the living area on one level. Bethlehem Pacific Coast Steel Corp. furnished the structural steel to the fabricator, National Iron Works. Consulting engineer was Carl Replogle, Jr.



Dave Brubeck and his "tree house"

This unusual house in the hills of Oakland, California is the home of Dave Brubeck, known as "Mr. Jazz" to his fans.

Thanks to the ingenuity of their architect, Dave and Lola Brubeck and their five children have a home that provides much more than just their needs as a family.

It all began with a hillside lot with tall trees and a pretty view of Oakland Bay. But it's also narrow, steeply sloped, and virtually all rock. Could a house be built here?

Architect David Thorne found the answer, and he found it with steel. He

decided to *create* a level area, a sort of "hand" to hold the house, by anchoring structural steel "fingers" to a mass of solid rock. These beams, as shown in the sketch, support five bedrooms, two baths, living room, dining room, music room, play room, kitchen and utility room—all on one level!

So easily can these steel beams carry the weight of the house that Thorne was able to "cantilever" them out into space. Thus, the bedroom wing extends 16 feet beyond the brick wall, a good 20 feet above the ground, creating the tree-house effect shown above.

How do the Brubecks like their home? Here's how Dave puts it: "This house expresses much of my wife's personality and my own. As a musician, I feel that if inspiration can come from good surroundings, I'll find it here."

Architects and builders are using steel more often these days for homes. They know that it's strong, durable, and so much more versatile than other materials. Bethlehem produces steel in many forms for building nearly every kind of structure, from homes and schools to towering skyscrapers and monumental bridges.

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Lehman Brothers

May 15, 1958.

eral Government in this highly complex field of crude-oil imports."

The industry's troubles, Carson added, come more from declining demand than from imports. "If all imports were stopped tomorrow, I do not see how that action would increase consumer demand. In a few years, we will be able to use every barrel of oil that we can produce, and probably every barrel we can import."

SELLING & MARKETING Cheaper the Better?

The theory of obsolescence, which puts the sales appeal in new models of everything from autos to toasters, has finally hit U.S. watchmaking.

Instead of investing in one expensive "lifetime" watch, more and more people now buy inexpensive but serviceable watches, throw them away when they need repairs—or a more attractive model hits the market. Sales of low-priced (\$15 and under) watches climbed from 6,000,000 five years ago to 8,876,000 last year, now hold 52% of the market. The company leading the march: U.S. Time Corp., whose \$6.95 to \$17 Timex watches have captured almost 23% of the total market.

The other side of the dial was shown last week by Elgin National Watch Co., the nation's biggest fine watchmaker, which makes some 200 models in a \$34.75 to \$150 price range. For 1957, Elgin reported a net loss of \$2,442,076 v. a \$671,380 profit the year before. Sales were off 26% to \$31.1 million, and President J. G. Shennan said solemnly that he could not predict "an immediate return to profitability."

AUTOS

Get a Stutz!

While Detroit is hard put to sell the 1958 cars, the simple, stately autos from another era are moving fast. Last week the Stutzes, Simplexes and Duesenbergs of yesteryear commanded a hotter demand and a higher price than any time since they went out of production. In the nation's major trading post for antique (prior to the mid-1920s) and classic (usually prior to 1942) cars, the automobile pages of the Sunday New York Times, a 1920 seven-passenger Pierce-Arrow was advertised for \$2,500 v. \$7,250 when new. Many oldsters were worth more than ever. A completely rebuilt 1904 Cadillac went on sale for \$6,500 v. \$900 new. And a fully restored 1910 Simplex raceabout, with double-chain drive and 90-h.p. engine, was offered for a thumping \$9,500 v. about \$6,000 new.

Some 20,000 U.S. drivers own antique or classic cars, and their number is growing fast. The Horseless Carriage Club, for owners of cars produced prior to 1916, has jumped from 350 members in 1944 to 7,500 today. The Classic Car Club, for owners of fancy cars of 1925-42 vintage (mostly Packard Eights and Twelves), counts 1,700 members, will add 300 this year. The aged-auto fad has claimed many VIPs. Among them: Dwight Eisenhower,

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THE 1914 RAUCH & LANG ELECTRIC (1952)
The backward look

who used to enjoy relaxing in his mother-in-law's high, stubby 1914 Rauch & Lang Electric until it was sent to the Eisenhower Museum at Abilene, Kans.

Old-car buffs buy the Maxwells, Cords, Hupmobiles, Mercers, Briggses, Flint Kissels and Jewetts for as little as \$100, spruce them up to sell for as much as \$10,000. But the restoration job is expensive, requires an average of 1,800 hours to do it properly. The restorers scrounge for unused parts in old garages and specialty shops often rebuild every major part.

Many a company has helped along the restoration boom. New Jersey's Scandinavia Belting Co. still makes transmission linings for the Ford Model A and Model T. In the East, at least three major wheelwrights make wheels for the oldesters. Western Auto Supply, Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward market parts for the Model T. Firestone Tire & Rubber sells several thousand antique tires a year, priced up to \$67.55 each (for the Stanley Steamer and Stutz).

The vintage auto clubs also help to keep the craze alive by emphasizing authenticity and quality. The Classic Car Club recognizes only blue-blooded autos of "fine design high engineering standards and superior workmanship." Regardless of age it blackbals all Chevrolets, Plymouths, Nashes, Dodges, Pontiacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles and De Sotos, even turns down some Cadillac models. Recently the club even refused to admit Ford's modern Continental Mark II as a "classic."

cine through 1957, sold 103.5 million doses to the Government for distribution to an eager public. Last week five of the companies—Eli Lilly & Co., Allied Laboratories Inc., American Home Products Corp., Merck & Co. Inc. and Parke, Davis & Co.—were indicted in a Trenton (N.J.) federal court on antitrust charges that they had criminally conspired to fix prices, submit uniform prices in sales to the Government.

At the time, the Government raised no objection to the price 400¢ to 500¢ per dose. In the rush to get the vaccine, it had asked for sealed bids instead of negotiating prices, which would have allowed the Government to inspect company records on costs.

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which also bought millions of doses of the vaccine, got its vaccine at 30¢ to 35¢ per dose. But this bore no relation to costs. The foundation drove a hard bargain because it had guaranteed to buy the vaccine even before it knew the vaccine was successful, had poured \$22.4 million into 17 years of research that produced the vaccine.

The Justice Department does not know whether it will proceed with a civil suit to recover some of the \$53.6 million in federal funds spent for the vaccine, because it is still not sure the price was too high. It noted that the five companies twice cut prices voluntarily, when the vaccine was in short supply. What the department objects to is that the price cuts were always identical.

The drug companies angrily denied the charges. Prices of vaccine, they noted had been cut five times, to a little over half the initial price. "It would be a strange conspiracy," said Eli Lilly's President Eugene N. Beesley, "that had as its purpose repeated decreases in prices—never an increase." Lilly's average profit, said Beesley, was only 6½¢ per dose against which the company took the gamble of produc-

[illegible]

GOVERNMENT

Price Fixing in Polio Shots?

When the Salk vaccine proved successful in 1955, six drug firms were licensed to produce the vaccine. Exhorted by the U.S. Public Health Service to produce as fast as they could, the companies turned out more than 205 million doses of vac-



Does your car have "safety-cushion" glass in the side windows, too?

For your protection, the windshield of every automobile manufactured in the United States is made of laminated safety glass (two layers of glass with a "safety cushion" of plastic between). Only laminated safety glass meets the rigid requirements of the American Standards Association's safety code for windshields. Many cars have this "safety-cushion" protection in the side windows, too. Some don't. To find out if *your* car does, just look for the "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass.

• Look for this thin line along the edge of your car windows. It is the plastic layer laminated between two pieces of glass. It acts as a "safety cushion" under impact, reduces the hazard of flying glass. Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass, but supplies this plastic for making it. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

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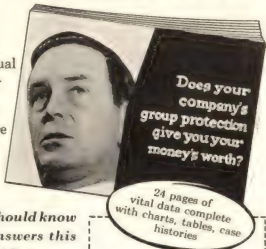
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ing vaccine without assurance of a market. Currently, Lilly has an inventory of 24,043,000 doses. Since demand has fallen way off, Lilly may have to destroy the vaccine, because it loses potency after a certain time. Said Beesly: "It is incredible that, as a postscript to one of our greatest achievements, we should be confronted with these unfounded charges."

Du Pont's Plan

Before the U.S. District Court in Chicago last week, Du Pont answered the Government's proposed plan to eliminate Du Pont's control of General Motors. Du Pont flatly said that it would fight the Government's proposal requiring it to distribute two-thirds of its 63 million G.M. shares to its stockholders over a period of ten years, sell the remaining one-third on the open market (TIME, Nov. 4). Said Du Pont: "A harsh, unreasonable and wholly unnecessary penalty."

Instead, the company offered to hand over all voting rights on Du Pont-held G.M. stock to its 185,000 stockholders on a pro rata basis. The family-controlled Christiana Securities Co. and Delaware Realty & Investment Co., which together own 20% of Du Pont, would do the same for their 4,000 stockholders. Du Pont would also promise not to buy any more G.M. shares, and would have no directors on G.M.'s board without specific court approval. "What would remain," said Du Pont, "would be an investment."

One big reason for Du Pont's turnaround of the Government plan was an Internal Revenue Service ruling that would cost Du Pont stockholders millions. IRS ruled that the G.M. stock, if distributed, would be taxable at ordinary income rates when received. If the stock was sold, any profit would be taxed again either as straight income or capital gains. For individual Du Pont stockholders, said President Crawford Greenwalt, income taxes alone would come to an estimated \$580 million, plus another \$100 million for corporations owning the stock. Moreover, so many shares would be dumped on the market that the market could not absorb them without depressing stock values in the two companies by as much as \$5 billion.

In Washington the Government gave no formal explanation for Internal Revenue's taking such a harsh attitude on the tax ruling. Antitrust lawyers had originally thought that the Government might regard the distribution in the same tax-free manner as it treated dispersal of stock by companies broken up by the Utilities Holding Company Act. The difference apparently is due to the Government's view that the utilities were operating legally prior to the law's passage, whereas Du Pont was found guilty of violating the 44-year-old Clayton Antitrust Act. The man who will decide what Du Pont must do is Chicago's Federal Judge Walter J. LaBuy, whose original ruling in favor of Du Pont three years ago was reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court. Last week he announced that it would probably be September before he could even start hearings on Du Pont's proposal.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Marlon Brando, 34, cinematographer, and India-born Cinematress Anna Kashfi, 23, who denies strong evidence that she was little Joanie O'Callaghan when her father, an Irish employee of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway, enrolled her in school in Darjeeling: their first child, a son; in Los Angeles. Name: Christian.

Died. Thomas Lunsford Stokes, 59, Pulitzer prizewinning old-school newsman (motto: "A reporter is half brain, half legs"). University of Georgia Phi Beta Kappa who got his early lessons in journalism on Southern newspapers and the U.P., in political reporting under the late Raymond Clapper in the '20s; of a brain tumor; in Washington. As reporter for Scripps-Howard, astute New Dealer Tom Stokes won his 1939 Pulitzer for exposing the role of the New Deal's WPA as a lever in Kentucky Democratic politics, set up as United Features columnist in 1944, was syndicated to 105 newspapers when illness overtook him this year (TIME, March 24).

Died. F. Hugh Herbert, 60, Viennaborn playwright (*Kiss and Tell*, *The Moon Is Blue*) and screenwriter (*Sitting Pretty*; *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*); of lung cancer; in Los Angeles.

Died. Elmer Holmes Davis, 68, Hoosier-twanging radio news analyst. World War II head of the Office of War Information, a founding father of ADA, sometime novelist, essayist (*But We Were Born Free*), idealist ("It's better to be a dead lion than a live dog"); of complications following a stroke; in Washington, D.C. A Rhodes scholar who wrote personal letters in finest Latin. Davis was a longtime (1914-24) New York Times reporter and editorial writer.

Died. William Borberg, 72, Denmark's chief U.N. representative until 1958, longtime (1928-40) permanent delegate to the League of Nations; in Copenhagen.

Died. Eugene Francis McDonald Jr., 72, founder-president and board chairman of Zenith Radio Corp., globe-trotting adventurer who persuaded the Navy to use short wave radio by going to the Arctic in 1925 and working a ship 12,000 miles away in New Zealand waters; also flew his own glider, raced outboards, mined gold in Mexico, lived on a yacht on the Chicago River, managed to build his company's sales to over \$160 million in 1957; of cancer; in Chicago.

Died. James Drummond Dole, 80, Boston-born, Harvard-educated "Pineapple King," founder in 1901 of the Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., which made big business of the islands' exportation of the fruit, now has annual sales of more than \$80 million, leads the \$117 million industry in Hawaii; of a heart attack; in Honolulu.

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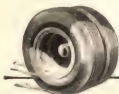


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CINEMA

The Second Generation

Always full of glamorous tales about infants who were reared in theater dressing rooms, slept in bureau drawers and later rewrote their parents' names in lights, the chronicles of show business now bulge with real ones. A second generation is in various stages of giving old names new faces. Among the cast:

♣ Strapping (6 ft. 5 in.) Johnny Weissmuller Jr., 17, son of the only Tarzan who could swim 100 yards in 51 seconds without mussing his hair, is in the upcoming movie, *Andy Hardy Comes Home*.

♣ Pat Wayne, 18, son of Cinelama John Wayne, stars in *The Young Land*, pro-

duced from Broadway's *Tea and Sympathy*.

♣ Plato Skouras, 28, son of 20th Century-Fox President Spyros P. Skouras, formed an independent company three years ago with his brother, Spyros S. Skouras, 34.

♣ Sam Goldwyn Jr., 31, son of Old Guard Cinemogul Samuel Goldwyn, 73, has independently produced *Man with the Gun*, *The Sharkfighters*, and the soon-to-be-released *The Proud Rebel*.

♣ Charles Chaplin Jr., 32, and his nine-months-younger brother Sydney appeared with their father in *Limelight*, have duck-walked away on their own: Sydney plays opposite Judy Holliday in Broadway's *Bells Are Ringing*; Charles Jr. is a suspicious cop in M-G-M's *High School Con-*



WAYNE

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MACARTHUR

For old names, new faces.

duced by Patrick Ford, 37, sometime screenwriter and stuntman, son of Director John (Mister Roberts) Ford.

♣ Susan (The Diary of Anne Frank) Strassberg, 20, daughter of Actors' Studio Director Lee Strassberg, has bubbled quickly to the top, co-stars on film with Henry Fonda in *Stage Struck*, on Broadway with Helen Hayes in *Time Remembered*.

♣ James MacArthur, 20, son of Helen Hayes and the late Playwright-Journalist Charles (The Front Page) MacArthur, entered Hollywood as *The Young Stranger*, did so well that Walt Disney signed him for *The Light in the Forest* and the upcoming *Banner in the Sky*.

♣ Warner Le Roy, 22, son of Veteran Producer-Director Mervyn (Random Harvest, Quo Vadis) Le Roy, last year took over a movie theater on Manhattan's First Avenue, remodeled it, presented Tennessee Williams' long-running *Garden District*.

♣ Anthony Perkins, 26, was a bit of a fix when his father, Broadway Matinee Idol Osgood Perkins, died. The versatile father's big reputation dragged the shy son into his own career, which now stands up solidly by itself with the Broadway triumph of *Look Homeward, Angel* and Hollywood stardom in *Fear Strikes Out* and *Desire Under the Elms*.

♣ John Kerr, 26, son of Actress June (Blue Denim) Walker, is Lieut. Joseph Cable in *South Pacific*, sprang into films

fidential. Also in *H. S. Confidential*: John Barrymore Jr., 25.

♣ Hal Roach Jr., 30, is president (his father, 66, is a director) of Hal Roach Studios, which now produces TV films.

♣ Gene Fowler Jr., 40, a film editor for nearly 20 years, last year directed *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, is now producing and directing Paramount's *I Married a Monster from Outer Space*. Father Gene Fowler, 68, oldtime cirrhosis-bedamned newsmen and biographer of the John Barrymore era, wrote Barrymore's biography (*Good Night, Sweet Prince*).

The New Pictures

Ten North Frederick (20th Century-Fox). Sex is the fire of life to Author John O'Hara, and through the fire his characters must pass to their destruction or salvation. But sex, at the rate O'Hara burns, is way too hot for the average U.S. movie exhibitor to handle; and so the producers of this picture, based on O'Hara's latest bestseller (*TIME*, Nov. 28, 1955), have carefully put out the fire with a steady stream of eyewash—most of it, as a matter of fact, squeezed out of the soggy sections of the book.

The hero is Joe Chapin (Gary Cooper), leading citizen of "Gibbsville," a small town in Pennsylvania. "a gentleman in a world that has no use for gentlemen." Decent, limited, middle-aged, he is as set

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in his honorable ways as any samurai in his *Bushido*, and step by inevitable step the story describes how he is driven to commit what might be called O'Hara-kiri—he drinks himself to death.

Joe's first mistake is the decisive one. He marries an ambitious woman (Gerardine Fitzgerald), a sort of Lady Macbeth of Main Street who convinces him that he belongs in the White House. A sensible man, Joe has his doubts, but he throws his hat in the ring—and \$100,000 with it. The professional politicians gratefully scoop up the \$100,000, but blandly hand Joe his hat and show him the door. Joe feels pretty foolish, but he feels worse than that when he comes to understand the crimes he has committed in the name



GARY COOPER & SUZY PARKER
Driven to O'Hara-kiri.

of power. He has broken up his daughter's love match with a trumpet player, and let his wife put the girl (Diane Varsi) through what looks suspiciously like an abortion. He has twisted his son's life by forcing the boy (Ray Stricklyn) to give up his music and go to Yale. And he has wasted his own life by spending it with a woman he does not love. And she? "I've wasted my life on a failure!" she screams.

After that, is there anything left for Joe Chapin? O'Hara being O'Hara, there is sex, and Joe has it with his daughter's roommate (Suzy Parker) when he goes to New York on a business trip. And after sex? A little whisky kills the aching void, and then a little more...

In the book the message was clear, if not original: middle-class morality is enough to drive a man to drink. In the movie the message is sometimes hard to decode, but it seems to contain two arresting ideas: (1) Suzy Parker is a charming young actress, and (2) Gary Cooper is getting a little old (57) for love scenes.

The One That Got Away (Rank). Hitler's was an evil war, but many brave men fought his battles. In this picture, the British pay a graceful and entertaining tribute to one of them, a 26-year-old



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Luftwaffe lieutenant who called himself "Baron" von Werra and claimed he had bagged at least 13 British planes before he was shot down over southern England in 1940. When the British disdainfully disproved about half of Von Werra's claims, he only laughed and proposed a wager: "A magnum of champagne against ten cigarettes that I escape in six months."

Fortunately, nobody took the bet. About a month later Von Werra ducked out of an exercise group at a prison camp in the north of England and lit out across the moors toward the Irish Sea. For five days, while a small army of police and Home Guards beat up the bracken in a driving Scotch mist, Von Werra ducked and ran, gnawed on turnips, slept in fodder huts. On the sixth day he was run to ground in a bog.

Transferred to a prison with tighter security procedures, Von Werra swiftly organized a mass escape, bluffed his way onto the nearest R.A.F. base as a fighter pilot with a "Mixed Special Bomber Squadron," was about to take off in a late-model Hurricane when the security officer tumbled to his game. After that, the British were taking no chances. They put Von Werra in cold storage—in Canada, 4,000 miles and more from Germany. Even if he did escape, where could he go? He could go. Von Werra decided to the U.S., which in early 1941 was still a neutral country. And so one winter's night he jumped out the window of a prison train, hitched a ride to a town near the St. Lawrence River, hid until nightfall on the Canadian shore, then staggered across the ice to the U.S. Interned, he was released in custody of the German embassy enjoyed a round of nightspotting in Manhattan before he escaped through Mexico to Brazil to Italy to Germany. There he made an invaluable report on British interrogation procedures, took command of a fighter unit, was credited with eight more planes before he was killed in a crash at sea.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Gigi. Colette's slender novelette, larded up with production values, is brought forth as a big hit musical; but the show is saved by Cecil Beaton's fruitfully *fin de siècle* sets and costumes—a cinemuseum of exquisite eyeglasses (TIME, May 10).

Rouge et Noir. The edge of Stendhal's satire is dulled by sentiment, but all the same his great novel makes a good movie; with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux. Antonelli Lualdi (TIME, May 5).

The Young Lions. Irvin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl makes good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

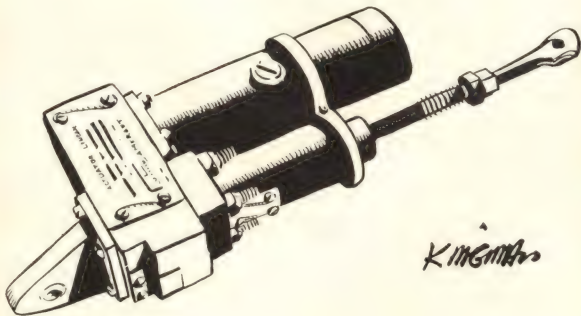
The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent story of war (TIME, Dec. 23).

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BOOKS

How Not to Make Book

"You can't lose," spied a full-page ad by Doubleday & Co. in the New York Times Book Review. "We are so convinced of the appeal these important books will have for you that we are willing to bet that five of them will be best sellers by the first week in May." The terms: if more than one of the six failed to make the Times bestseller list by then, Doubleday promised to send a copy of any one of them "absolutely free" to anybody asking for it.

Last week demands for free copies were still flooding into Doubleday. Only four of the books had qualified as bestsellers by the appointed time: Jean Kerr's *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, Edna Ferber's *Ice Palace*, Paul J. Wellman's *Ride the Red Earth*, and Robert Lewis Taylor's *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters*. By also entering two less-likely, Kenneth Roberts' *The Battle of Cowpens* and Saunders Redding's *The Lonesome Road*, Doubleday had thought to give its parlay some sporting rest. It succeeded too well. In flowed letters at the rate of 500 a day; out flowed free books. By the time the mails had poured in some 3,000 claims from winning bettors, the publishers nervously stuck a finger in the dike: they took a small ad in one morning's *Times* cautiously announcing that their "offer" (identified only by its date and page in the Book Review) would expire that afternoon, then started getting up a form letter that all bets were off.

British Funhouse

THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY [219 pp.]—H. E. Bates—Atlantic—Little, Brown [\$3.75].

"Larkin, that's me," Pop said. . . . 'Larkin by name, Larkin by nature. What can I do for you? Nice weaver.'

"I'm from the office of the Inspector of Taxes."

"Pop stood blank and innocent, staggered by the very existence of such a person."

"Inspector of what?"

"Taxes, Inland Revenue."

"You must have come to the wrong house," Pop said."

Tax collectors and plain readers of *The Darling Buds of May* must respectfully disagree with Pop. The story of how Cedric, the tax man, stays for dinner chez Larkin, and stays and stays only to be subverted by food, drink, love and the Larkin clan's infectious lust for life, makes H. E. (for Herbert Ernest) Bates's novel one of the blithest robustuous romps of the year. The book's gusto is all the more remarkable coming from welfare-sated England and from 53-year-old Author (*The Sleepless Moon*); Bates, a writer who in recent years has focused on the somber, the loveless and the violent.

Two Nudes by Rubens. The Larkins are seasonal strawberry pickers, and their way of life might be called Rabelaisian-



BRUCE SELL

AUTHOR BATES
Taxes make strangers bedfellows.

faire. When Pop vents his heroic belches, he sounds like Charles Laughton playing Henry VIII. Pop is little seen in the strawberry fields, for he roams the countryside on a spivishly freewheeling enterprise called "the scrap iron lark," which nets him a 600% profit, a margin Pop regards as "perfect." Spacious, sportive Ma Larkin furnishes a groaning bed and board, fills her voluminous pink nylon nighties like two nudes by Rubens. Wed only in the sight of the common law, Ma and Pop have six children, only one of whom causes them a smidgen of concern.



WILLIAM SOUTER

AUTHOR DE BEAUVOIR
Bedfellows make strange politics.

Seems that their nubile eldest daughter, Mariette, may become a mother without knowing the exact father.

This is where the tax collector comes in. Cedric is a toothbrush-mustached city mouse with "office-pale hands," as limp as "tired celery." But in Ma and Pop's peasant-shrewd eyes, he is a potential husband, if only they can take his mind off his tax forms and put it on Mariette's still flawless figure. Ma starts fattening up Cedric with goodies from the "frige." Pop rechristens the tax man "Charlie," and plies him with a Rolls-Royce ("half vermouth, quarter whisky, quarter gin, dash of orange bitters") followed by a Chauffeur ("one-third vermouth, one-third whisky, one-third gin, dash of Angostura"). At first day's end, a cocktail-shaken Charlie, decked in Mariette's pajamas, goes to sleep on the billiard table while cooing sweet nothings to the billiard ball in the corner pocket.

"The National Elf Lark." Pop urges the hung-over tax man to put in for sick leave ("the National Elf Lark"), and before long Charlie beds down with Mariette in a field of buttercups. But it is the strawberry-sweet juice and joy of life with Pop and Ma Larkin that truly seduces Charlie. One day it is Pop piloting a real, if secondhand, Rolls-Royce into the yard and grandly announcing, "Ourn." Other times, it is Ma wolfing fish and chips and baying "Turn up the contrast!" toward the ever-playing TV set.

Turning up the contrast is the key to Novelist Bates's pulsing comedy of country manners. He spoofs the planned austerity of the ill-fare state with a rollicking image of the life abundant. He spoofs whey-faced bureaucratic automatons with lusty individualists whose color a Matinee might envy. The joke is funny precisely because the author does not insist on telling it.

At a zany cocktail party at novel's end, with host and guests planting fireworks under each other, Pop Larkin announces his daughter's engagement to Charlie. And Mariette, it turns out, is not pregnant after all. This is the only false alarm in a five-alarm blaze of a book that is just about perfect.

"No More Flies"

THE LONG MARCH [513 pp.]—Simone de Beauvoir—World [\$7.50].

French intellectuals are among the few left in the Western world who still trot out, straight-faced, the kind of cozy Communist maxims that have been wearing whiskers almost as long as the Russians. Samples: "The Chinese government . . . considers truth its soundest ally." "All [Chinese newspapers] are government-supervised . . . There must be the initial phase in which chaos gives way to a rudimentary order." "Russian assistance—as the Chinese leaders make plain in every speech and report—is disinterested." "In [France] . . . the law is determined by the interests of a class," but in China, "justice is made to correspond to the welfare of the people."

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Simone de Beauvoir's new book on Communist China, based on a six-week visit in 1955, at the expense of the Chinese government. The author of two excellent (and appropriately titled) novels, *She Came to Stay* (TIME, March 15, 1954) and *The Mandarins* (TIME, May 28, 1956), was not alone: "There were some fifteen hundred of us [foreign] delegates roaming the length and breadth of China." But Author de Beauvoir seems to have got around on her own a good deal and to have seen a nation that, if her account could be credited, would seem to be by far the happiest and justest known to man since Joseph Stalin ruled the Soviet Union. Items:

¶ In Peking, "you see no fluttering old newspapers or leaking garbage cans as in Chicago alleyways; you see no down-and-out old men such as straggle about the Bowery in New York." There are "no more open sewers, no more flies, no more rats." "Nobody is arrogant here, nobody is grabby, nobody feels himself above or below anybody else." The whole population is "identically dressed in blue cotton." "Nightclubs and brothels have gone," and there is "not one drunkard." Pedicab operators are so content that they no longer quarrel and shout; when "two bicycles or pedicabs collide, those involved exchange smiles." Every morning, all the ministerial bureaucrats "line up in front of the administration buildings" and perform calisthenics—"mildly incongruous," perhaps, but "nothing [is] more reasonable than the principle of compulsory physical education." Such "germ carriers" as "dogs and cats" have been liquidated. The overall result is "a perfect image of a classless society"—a conclusion with which few readers are likely to quarrel.

¶ "From the train . . . window" the peasants were "all decently dressed." Only about 5,000 of the big shots among them have been "executed." Moreover, there have been "editorials guaranteeing a comfortable future to former landowners and rich peasants who have been suitably re-educated."

¶ More than 7,000,000 children belong to the government-organized Young Pioneer group, but only critics who have "decided in advance that New China is headed by a totalitarian regime" will compare these jolly scouts with "Hitlerian youth outfits." Girl Pioneers may be seen "playing ring-around-a-rosy" in public parks. Boy Pioneers climb hillocks and scamper about. Between boy and girl university students, "flirting does not exist."

¶ "At least in theory every curb on freedom of thought has been lifted." However, "culture is today the instrument to a progress of which it will tomorrow be the consummation"—which is double-speak for saying that all freedom of thought is strictly curbed. Confucianism has been re-examined to tie in with Sino-Marxist ideology; back-country illiterates are taught with "stories of work heroes, Korean volunteers, the tracking down of Kuomintang spies, free marriage, love." Chinese fiction makes fine reading—apparently because it tells the reader so

A NEW PILL THAT HELPS YOU QUIT SMOKING

by GEORGE CLARK

Science at last tells you what to do if you want to stop smoking



FRANK LEAHY, famous football coach, in his Notre Dame days. Now you can stop smoking if you want to, says he.

The inability to give up smoking is one of the more curious idiosyncrasies of 20th century man. Ever since Sir Francis Drake in 1586 brought tobacco back to England from Virginia and the habit of smoking was re-imported to America by the Pilgrim fathers, the "noxious weed," as an eminent Victorian referred to it, has had half the world in its grip.

There are signs that this grip is at last being loosened. It is being loosened by a harmless little white pill. The story of how this little white pill was discovered is similar to that of many other earth-shaking discoveries. In the process of trying to go somewhere else, the scientific brain unearthed something it wasn't in the first place even looking for.

In 1947 a research team in a large Chicago university set out to study gingivitis, a rather unpleasant inflammation of the gums that bedevils mankind. It had long been theorized that smoking contributed to this inflammation. But would stopping smoking help? In true scientific fashion our researchers decided that half of their patients should stop smoking to see if they showed any improvement over the other half.

Half were told to stop smoking by the doctor who headed the research team, but it was easier said than done. So our scientists are off on a new tangent. What could they give a patient that would help him to stop smoking quickly and easily? Up to that time medical experience showed that there was no easy, pleasant way to stop smoking. Years before, some experimental work had been reported with a drug called Lobeline Sulphate. This curbed the desire to smoke; but in doses large enough to be effective, it produced various unpleasant side effects. Here at least was a starting point.

Soon the tail was wagging the dog and the project of finding a way to help people conquer the tobacco habit had become the all-important problem. After months of research and experimentation, our scientists hit upon the solution. The addition of two common antacid ingredients to Lobeline Sulphate accomplished two things. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was a harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped them to stop smoking in 5 days!

What made it work? Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It works by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant.

The footnote to this story is an interesting one. It turned out that smoking did irritate the gum tissues. Those gingivitis patients who, with the help of the little pill, stopped smoking, showed a marked improvement over the smoking half.

And of course there was a sequel. The university where all this occurred realized that in their little pill they had something that thousands longed for. Here was something, that would really help anybody who wanted to free him or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking, could do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

This new discovery was soon reported in medical journals; demand for it came overnight from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company was chosen to market these amazing pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store, under the name of *Bantron* for only \$1.25 a box. *Bantron* has been proven so safe, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

By now many thousands of people have stopped smoking with the help of *Bantron*. However, human nature is weak. Many who stopped after taking *Bantron* found that under the stress and strain of modern life they started smoking again. Often they tried *Bantron* again with equally effective results. Today there are men and women everywhere who reach for a *Bantron* whenever they feel the urge to smoke a cigarette.

Of course, *Bantron* can't do all the work for you alone. It will not tie your hands behind your back. But if you really want to stop, it can be a powerful helper. This is the testimony of policemen, airline pilots, truck drivers, business men, ordinary citizens everywhere.

Campana Co.



RUSS NICOLL, owner of the Valerie Jean Date Shop at Thermal, California, beside "Old King Solomon," his world-famous date palm. Russ says, "I am through smoking for good, thanks to these pills."

much about heavy industry and "the conflicts that sometimes divide management and employees."

Author de Beauvoir's report would be unremarkable if it could be dismissed as the output of a party hack or a Red square. But it is no more appalling for what it reflects, in passing, of Red China than for what it displays of the mental fiber of one of France's doughtiest high-brows. With her great and good friend, Jean Paul Sartre, fellow apostle of the unmeaning of life, Intellectual de Beauvoir seems to be proving that bedfellows can make strange politics. It is an affront not only to her countrymen's prized tradition of reason but to something even closer to the core of France, when she reports approvingly: "At the registrar's bureau when young people are severally asked why they have chosen one another, the standard reply is because he or she is a fine worker."

Two Strangers in Paris

THE UNDERGROUND CITY [755 pp.]—H. L. Humes—Random House (\$4.95).

LES ADEUX [244 pp.]—François-Régis Bastide—Simon & Schuster (\$3.75).

Ever since Paris was liberated, writers have felt the itch to put it back into a prison of their own special illusions. Of the latest, one is a bounding Basque named François-Régis Bastide, a 32-year-old Frenchman who served under General Leclerc (whose column was the first to drive into Nazi-held Paris). Another is an American who has built a rambling bastille of words in which meanings are thrown into dungeons, to be reached only through endless labyrinths of painstaking prose.

H. L. (for Harold Louis) Humes Jr., 32, a founder of the little magazine *Paris Review*, has written a huge (755 pages) book which is the most indefatigable first novel of the year. Humes writes in a documentary, now-it-can-be-told style of a man

who believes that he has the Government Printing Office at his tax-free disposal. Yet those who are prepared to do their own, rather than the novelist's job of winnowing a peck of wisdom out of a stockpile of fact will not be ill rewarded.

Hell's Postures. His narrative is largely concerned with Major John Stone, an American who first came to Paris as holder of a scholarship in cello playing, played the organ briefly in a corrective school for girls, and, war being war, wound up an OSS operative in the French resistance. In a novel given to symbolism, his chosen code name tells much of the man and the book. It is "Dante"—the man who came back from Hell. Humes, no Virgil, conducts his Dante through the small hell of war, dishonor, and the loss of love. Hell, he suggests, is an endless business, but paradoxically, Humes makes it an interesting one, and suggests at the end that his readers are about to take up grazing rights in hell's burned pastures.

Stone is a key witness in the imaginary *affaire Dujardin*, which has for post-war World War II France all the moral and political catnip of a Dreyfus case. Dujardin, a member of the French underground, is in jail, has been marked for death as one of the guilty who directed the massacre of a whole French village called Montpelle (which calls to mind France's nonfictional Oradour-Sur-Glane). To the French Left he becomes a martyr, and "*Libères Dujardin*" is scrawled on every wall in Paris. Only the evidence of Stone, who is now symbolical of the dead (he is now with the United States Army Graves Registration), can prove that Dujardin is, in fact, no martyr but a traitor. This should make Stone a hero in his own right, but, as Humes tells it, he is caught between the upper millstone of a postwar U.S. right wing and the nether millstone of French Stalinism.

In this situation, Stone is crushed. Not so much by art, but by a stagehand's laborious job with the facts of recent history, Humes gives Stone's tragedy the air of inevitability. In the resistance, Stone had instinctively adopted the Churchillian position on the Communist alliance; he would use any stick to beat a dut. Thus he became a comrade of the Communist Alexi Carnot, a cynical, able opportunist, who when drunk demanded from Stone one thing—"trust." Stone was attracted to Carnot, just as he was repelled by the fanciful right-wing romanticism of "Berger," an American comrade in the resistance who wanted to put the Count of Paris back on the vacant throne of France and was fighting Stone's war "for God and the King." In the end, however, it is Communist Carnot's foreign god who betrays Humes's hero.

Poetry & Hatreds. In the face of his own knowledge that Dujardin was a turncoat and an accomplice of the massacre of Montpelle, Carnot withholds the testimony that would convict him. Although Dujardin later confesses his guilt, it is too late to save Stone, who becomes himself a martyr to forces he does not understand. He is left bereft of job, son and mistress, to pick up the threads of his



NOVELIST BASTIDE
A wisp of illusion.

life—symbolically, it is presumed—in the sewers of Paris.

What is intended as a parable of modern man's condition, facing a future as "irradiated brutes living in caves among the rubble," is spoiled by a mass of senseless documentation; e.g., no novelist, possibly not even the New York Times, should print the entire 3,000-word text of an ambassador's after-dinner speech. But basically, there is everything in *The Underground City* to make it an important novel except a little poetry and some scalpel work by about twelve editors.

Traumas in the Soul. Bastide's book belongs to the same order of events but to a very different order of literature. In a romantic, un-French way (Bastide is a self-conscious Basque who regards his Gallic countrymen as far too rigidly rational a breed), this beautifully written novel tells of traumas in the soul rather than lesions in the body politic.

His characters are as solid as only illusion can make them. The most important is Choralita Brichs, a Swedish girl full of spiritual despair living as a teacher in a Paris language institute whose slogan is "There Are No Foreigners." Novelist Bastide wistfully evokes a tender image of a lost girl trapped in a maze of incomprehension of the modern world. By extension, he seems to suggest through her that the French, notoriously inept or reluctant travelers, are also uneasy on home ground. Another character equally bizarre is an émigré Russian, Prince Alexis Vassilievitch Stellovski, living on illusions and too few francs a month. He gets his income as a translator specializing in news of the U.S.S.R., but his true life is in the lost past of Czarist Russia, of horses, serfs, ceremony and the drowned world of feudalism. His mania is to collect medals from Paris hock shops.

Delusion of Exile. It is a tribute to the quality of Bastide's writing, which comes through finely in translation, that from



NOVELIST HUMES
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two such wisps he is able to evoke the living heart of Paris. His is not the grand or the obvious Paris of the boulevards or of politics that obsesses Humes; it is the Paris of cranks, little streets, odd churches, eccentric people. Bastide's ironic message seems to be: a disorder of the spirit, whether worldly, as in the case of the Russian, or religious, as in the case of the Swede, is equally damnable and pathetic. His theme is exile—external and internal—and those who are willing to follow a subtle course of sinuous prose will agree that he has justified his right to preface his book with the statement of the grand exile—Dostoevsky: "All that—all your foreign countries, your famous Europe—is only a delusion, and all of us, living in foreign countries, are only a delusion."

Two for the Seesaw

THE AFFAIR [244 pp.]—Hans Koningsberger—Knopf [\$3.75].

"Do you belong to somebody?" asks the shy Dutch student on a sudden impulse. The girl in the bright yellow dress smilingly answers no. It is Zurich in the invasion spring of 1944, but any day is D-day to Cupid. The arrow of love pins Anthony and Catherine together in a brief, bittersweet affair. Only when they try to pull apart do the lovers discover that the arrow is poisoned.

This quietly compelling first novel by 36-year-old Amsterdam-born Hans Koningsberger does what life has been known to do: it mismatches a man and a woman. Toni and Catherine are not meant for each other, but owing to the chemistry of passion, smoke gets in their eyes. Temperamentally, the pair usurp each other's sex roles. Toni is sensitive, daydreamy, putty-willed. An internee, he longs to escape to Britain, but rarely makes a real move to get there. Sensitive Catherine is the fully emancipated "New Woman" who was born in the inkwells of Hisen and Shaw. She is a self-possessed, self-sufficient artist; it takes a critical panning of her paintings to make her cry. Catherine takes Toni's love as one of her rights, and he didilently accepts her favors as an unhopied-for privilege.

Despite this disparity of motives, they make tender and tempestuous lovers. With scarcely a lapse of taste or skill, Author Koningsberger captures the many-splendored hues of fleshly delight. His lovers' neopaganism is sunny, not steamy. But the clouds soon gather. Toni, who is an egghead, likes to air his notions on Hegel, physics, films, money and 20th-century man. Catherine would rather listen to a record of *Oh! Look at Me Now!* live times in a row.

The blowoff comes when Catherine refuses to be a one-man woman and insists on reserving her weekends for an old admirer. "I don't belong to anybody," says Catherine bitterly, meaning, as she unconsciously meant at the beginning of the affair, that she belongs to herself. A chastened Toni finally gives her up, wishing perhaps that he had caught just what she meant in the first place.

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In this pleasant, private and personal world your advertising message speaks with its greatest reliability and authority.

ADVERTISING'S JOB . . .

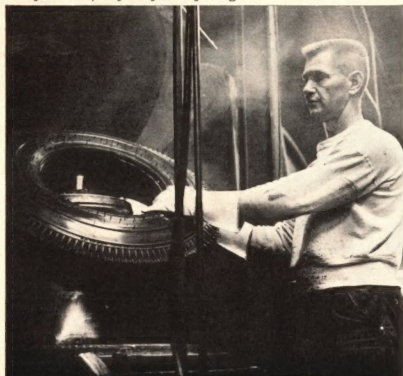
Sometimes, advertising opens the door for the salesman. Sometimes, it accompanies him in and helps him make the sale. But always, advertising makes the salesman more efficient in doing his job, more effective in getting results.

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MISCELLANY

Dadaism. In London, Artist Pierre de Villiers, who failed to sell a picture for eight straight years at the open-air art show on the banks of the Thames, easily sold for five guineas (\$14.70) an abstract expressionist painting by his three-year-old son Romany.

The Lightening Continent. In Blantyre, Nyasaland, the council of the Rumpi District issued an order that any native wishing to beat his tom-tom after 11 p.m. must buy a license costing 70¢.

And 5¢ for Aspirin. In West Berlin, the fire department charges \$1.70 for taking home wobbly drunks, \$3 if they are unconscious.

Matador? In Franklin County, Ohio, police sought a hit-and-run pilot whose single-engined plane swooped low, knocked a 500-lb. steer over a 5-ft. fence, flew away.

Aboriginal. In Des Moines, Netherlands-born John Willem Woudenberg became a citizen of the U.S., had his name legally changed to John William Woudenberg Forestandmountain.

Rover. In Flint, Mich., detectives claimed in court that former Dogcatcher Harry Wilson made a practice of catching dogs in Michigan and hauling them off for sale in Mississippi, where he would pick up more dogs to sell when he returned to Michigan.

Fire One, Fire Two . . . In Wilmington, Ohio, fed up with his in-laws' habit of dropping in and pilfering his groceries, James Ingram sprayed revolver shots at their car as it drew up, missed his mother-in-law, father-in-law and two brothers-in-law, ended up in jail.

Sighted Sub, Sank Same. In Knoxville, Tenn., track and field officials disqualified Miler Jerry Long, who put on a stirring burst of speed while finishing a high-school race—because he had slipped into the race on the last lap when Team-mate John Looney dropped out.

Crooks Brothers. In Ottawa, guards from the Manitoba Penitentiary complained to a civil service association convention that they had to wear uniforms made by the prisoners, whose intent was "to make the officers look as ridiculous as possible."

Members of the Wedding. In Lagonegro, Italy, the father, two brothers, two uncles and an aunt of Giuseppina Corso were sentenced to jail terms ranging up to a year for kidnaping Giuseppina's fiancé—who had repeatedly put off the wedding date—and locking him in a room with Giuseppina while they stood guard outside the door all through the night.



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